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Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Part 5 of the Children's Encyclopedia Should be Ordered Now

Number 194 Week-Ending DECEMBER 2, 1922 EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE Postage: Penny Inland Halfpenny Abroad Every Thursday 2d.

WORLD SAVED FROM DISASTER

EASTER ISLAND

WAS IT IN THE EARTHQUAKE?

Mysterious Statues Standing Amid the Lonely Ocean

REMNANTS OF A VANISHED CIVILISATION

A sensational and almost incredible report has been printed to the effect that the great Chilean earthquake, destroying over 1000 lives, has also destroyed Easter Island, a lonely and mysterious spot in the Pacific Ocean.

If it were true that this island had disappeared, shaken to pieces or engulfed by the great earthquake, so tragic and dramatic a doom would seem a fitting climax to its fiery birth and mysterious character.

A little triangular island, formed of lava poured forth from volcanoes at its three corners, it must have had a wild and thunderous beginning.

Two thousand miles from the coast of South America, it was unknown till a Dutch admiral landed on it on an Easter Day 200 years ago, and, in honour of the day, called it Easter Island.

Inhabitants Carried Off

Then there were about 3000 inhabitants, but in 1863 some Peruvian ruffians seized most of them, and carried them off to the guano fields of the Chincha Islands; and later in the century missionaries transported most of the remainder to other islands; so that at the beginning of this century there were only about a hundred left.

Judging from the natives left, the original inhabitants seem to have been good-looking and amiable; but they were only savages and cannibals; and the remarkable thing about the island was that it contained statues and buildings and writing tablets that pointed to a comparatively high stage of civilisation.

The Wooden Tablets

Travellers were surprised to find on nearly every headland round the coast of the island tremendous platforms, on which were gigantic and hideous statues, two specimens of which are to be seen outside the British Museum. An expedition party measured 113 of these platforms. One was 150 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 8 feet high; and, in their building, stones nearly seven feet high were used. The same party counted 555 statues.

The largest statue on a platform weighed 50 tons and stood 32 feet high, but a 70-foot statue was found lying unfinished in a quarry.

Near the platforms were subterranean "houses," artfully built of stone and decorated with engraved or painted pictures. It seemed impossible that these primitive men could have done such colossal things; and some people believe that the island was once part of a great submerged continent inhabited by a civilised race that has now passed away. But more surprising than the statues and platforms was the discovery of wooden tablets covered with finely-cut characters, which were almost certainly a form of writing, and the only writing to be found anywhere in the Polynesian islands.

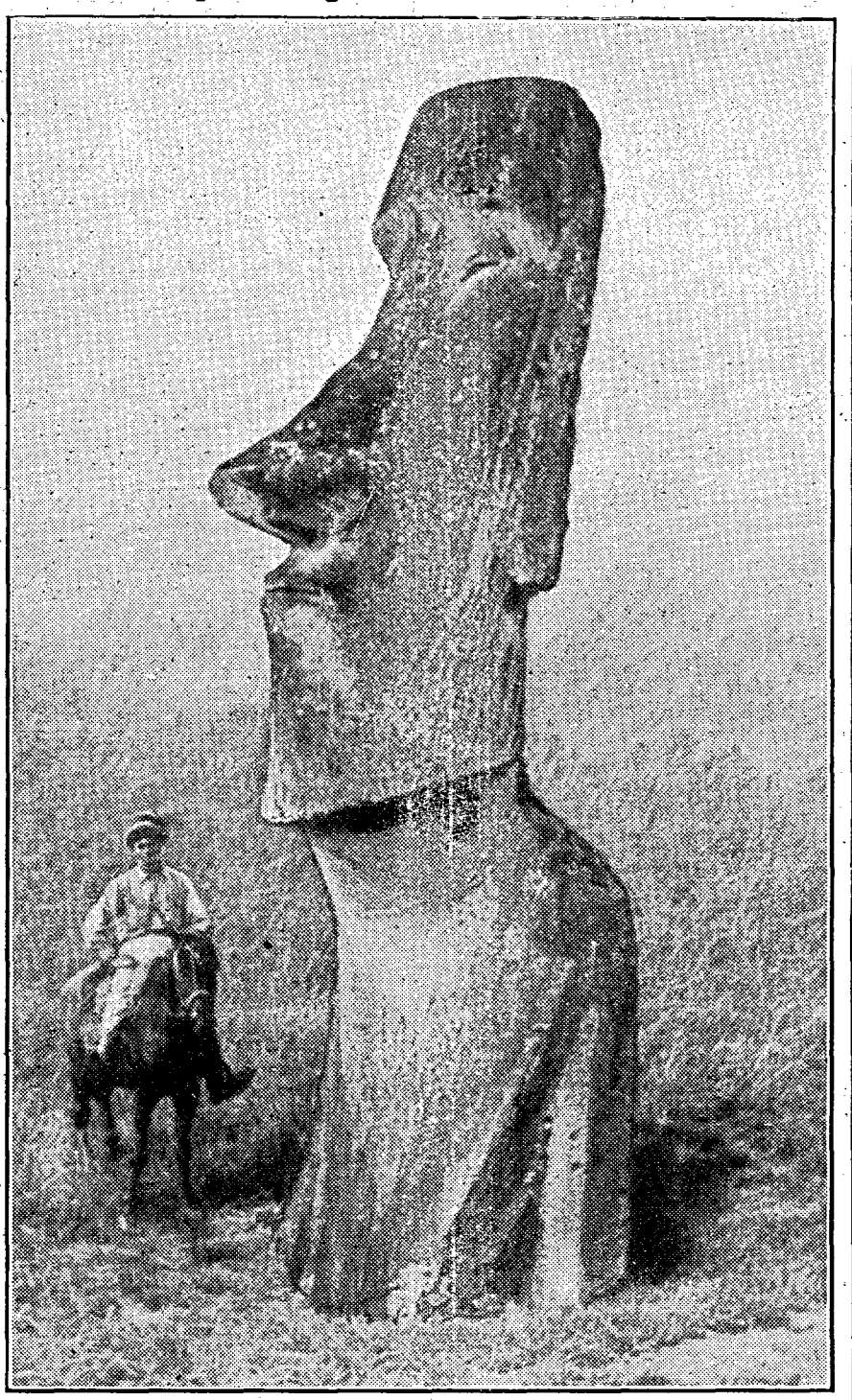
The natives themselves could give no clear explanation either of the sculpture or the writing; but Mr. and Mrs. Routledge, who a few years ago made a thorough research on the spot, believe that the island was never much larger and that the race still represented on the island when it was discovered made the images and invented the writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Routledge discovered that the natives indulged in a most extraordinary worship of the sooty tern, and of the first egg it laid in spring; and came to the conclusion that the statues were somehow related to this bird and egg worship.

To make such statues out of hard lava rock with stone chisels, and to build such huge stones into terraces and platforms, must have meant prodigious labour.

It is hard to believe that this island of mystery and wonder, with the platforms and the statues, is now lying at the bottom of the sea, and that only two lonely, ugly idols outside the British Museum remain as monuments of a perished race.

The Mystery of Easter Island



According to an American report, the earthquake convulsions in the Pacific destroyed Easter Island, the mystery land of giant images; but it is hoped that the news is untrue, though wireless messages to the island brought no reply. See next column

PLANT TRAVELLERS

ENGLISH GARDENS FOR RHEIMS

How Nature Hid a Great Tragedy

A SMILE ON KRAKATOA'S FACE

Acorns, shattered from their trees when German guns were battering down Verdun, are growing into oaks in happy England. Now we are planting British seeds and cuttings in the gardens destroyed in the fair city of Rheims.

The day will come when Rheims will be herself again, when English bloom and verdure will brighten her parterres, and their origin will be forgotten. That will be a pity, for there is no greater romance in common life than the story of the travels from continent to continent of fragile flowers and trees.

What a history of time and tides a man might write if he knew the story! What a picture of changing conditions he might paint if he could weave the story of those Alpine-Arctic plants on the Scottish hills of today which come down to us from an age when all our land lay beneath a great ice-cap!

Continents Drift Apart

Professor Ruggles Gates has been telling the members of the Royal Botanical Society that the persistence of the umbrella tree in parts of Africa and other distant lands is evidence that continents have drifted apart, leaving certain species, like this tree, as records of the time when the world was more land than water.

But travel, rather than survival, is the chief of these wonders. It is so amazingly different in varying species. The Director of the Singapore Botanical Gardens has worked out the rate at which one of the Malayan trees, the Shorea leprosula, a growth with winged seeds, would cover the earth. It would take that tree 100 years to advance 300 yards; nearly 60,000 years to colonise, unaided, 100 miles.

Island That Blew Its Head Off

But Nature assists these vegetable children of hers by strength that is not their own. In 1883 Krakatoa blew its head off, destroyed two-thirds of the island on which it stood, and left the remainder bare, sterile, all volcanic ash and lava. Nothing, naturalists thought, could ever grow there again.

Twenty-three years passed. Then a party of botanists visited the dreaded island, and found it difficult to move about for dense and magnificent vegetation. The demon volcano was wreathed with beauty conferred by 137 species of plants, among them being splendid trees over 50 feet high.

Yet Krakatoa stands by itself in the salt sea, with one speck of land 12 miles away and the nearest considerable areas 25 miles distant. Winds, currents, and birds had carried to Krakatoa new germs of life to replace the old.

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KNOWLEDGE BOUGHT BY THE LIVES OF MEN

FROM FAR NORTH TO FAR SOUTH

How Shackleton Reversed the Plan of Amundsen

A DRAMA OF BRAVE NAMES

Commander Frank Wild, who, on the death of Sir Ernest Shackleton, took command of the Quest and sailed her into the ice, away to lonely islands and to silent ocean peaks, has at last told the story of the voyage and revealed a secret.

Shackleton had intended to go North for his last venture. Misfortune drove him South—to his death.

The Canadian Government is interested in Ellesmere Land. They agreed to give Shackleton financial support for a voyage to the Beaufort Sea, in the course of which he was formally to annex the island for them, lest the Danes, established across Smith Sound in Greenland, should forestall the British Empire and claim it.

Amundsen Hears News

At the last moment, owing presumably to money difficulties, the Canadian Government had to withdraw its support. Mr. John Q. Rowett went to Shackleton's assistance, but by the time the new arrangements were completed it was too late in the year to enter the Arctic ice; Shackleton had to steam South on a totally new scheme.

The dramatic nature of that swift decision recalls two great events in history. Sir Francis Drake, having captured a rich Spanish ship in the Pacific, just clear of Magellan Strait, feared to return home that way, so cheerfully proposed to sail back by the North of America, to attempt the deadly North-East Passage. His men became fearful, so Drake calmly sailed home round the world.

The next parallel is that of Amundsen, who, preparing in 1909 for a North Polar expedition, heard that Peary had reached the Pole, so altered his course, steered across the world, and gained the South Pole a few days in advance of poor doomed Scott.

A Mysterious Disappearance

The short cut across America, which Drake was ready without preparation to attempt, took more than 200 years to achieve.

A host of men in many expeditions failed, and Sir John Franklin with all his men perished in compassing it. His mysterious disappearance, the most tragic in all Polar history, was the occasion of an unparalleled series of expeditions sent in search of him.

One of these search parties was that led in 1852 by Sir Edward Inglefield. Forging north, he saw this great land mass stretching west of Smith Sound and North-West Greenland, and he named it Ellesmere Land.

Nansen's old comrade of the Fram, Otto Sverdrup, was probably the first seriously to attempt its exploration; but Peary did the lion's share during a voyage in which the C.N. has an interest.

The ship was the Windward, and it was presented to him for the trial by Lord Northcliffe.

The Terrors of Frost

He failed, but he proved that Grinnell Land and Ellesmere Land are the same island. Terrible were his adventures.

In the depth of winter, when day and night were both alike for darkness, he made a great journey to lay food depôts for future use. He marched from December 2 until January 6, and then had to have eight of his toes amputated through frost-bite.

The man who discovered the North Pole marched to it on two toes. The rest were in Ellesmere Land, which was to have been the goal of Shackleton, now dead in a Far Southern sepulchre.

Nearly every point of land toward the Poles bears the name of a man, and each has been written at the cost of lives.

MOSQUITOES ALMOST MASTER A SHIP

EXCITING STORY FROM THE SEA

Like a Page from the Story of the Ancient Mariner

GRIM ARRIVAL AT ROCHESTER

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

So said the Ancient Mariner; and Capt. W. Robertson, of the steamship Hunstanworth, has had an experience almost as terrible as the mariner of Coleridge's famous poem, left alone on a ship amid the dead crew.

The Hunstanworth, trading between the Tyne and West Africa, went 72 miles up a West African river after the rainy season, and there apparently the captain and his crew were bitten by malaria mosquitoes; for, on the steamer's return to the coast, several men were ill, and a black doctor had to be consulted.

Skipper Taken Ashore

The doctor sent one bad case to hospital, but thought that the others would soon recover, and so the boat proceeded on its homeward voyage. But the other cases did not soon recover; and Captain Caldicott, the original skipper, became so ill that he had to be put ashore at Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands.

Captain Robertson thereupon took command, and soon he found himself in a death grapple with the disease. Man after man was stricken down. One died, others in a delirious condition lay dying; and at last only Captain Robertson, the Scottish engineer, the second officer, and the steward, were left on the active list to bring the ship to port.

The Wireless Doctor

Many men would have given up the task as impossible, but the three men stuck to their posts and would not surrender. They had not only to navigate the ship; they had also to feed and nurse the sick and dying. The captain was on the bridge nearly all night and all day, and when he left it he had to send wireless questions to doctors on distant ships, and make up prescriptions for the sick in accordance with instructions received. Well might he have sung:

Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!

The Scottish engineer, begrimed and weary, worked like a Trojan watching his engines, trimming the coal bunkers, stoking the furnaces, doing with his two arms the work of ten men. Day after day, steam up and lights burning, the grim hospital ship fought her way homewards.

Home at Last

At last the dauntless four reached the English Channel, but, just as a wireless advised them "treatment as before—make for the nearest port," the fog came down and rendered it impossible to make for land. Slowly, with her sirens sounding, the Hunstanworth crept up the Channel, and finally succeeded in reaching Rochester, where she now lies in the Medway, black and grim, while the story of her plucky fight rings through the country.

The three gallant and resolute mariners were naturally quite exhausted, and the doctor ordered Robertson to bed at once. It is such resolution, grit, and courage that have made Britain great; but it is strange to think that all this trouble was caused by the mosquitoes of a West African river. We may say, indeed, that the mosquitoes almost captured the steamer.

MAKING THE WHEELS GO ROUND

Fortunes Won from the Whale

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA

We are to bring the North Sea to London, a barge-tank at a time, to feed the grand new aquarium which the Zoo is to have next year. So, in a sense, we shall be able to take a seaside holiday in Regent's Park any time we like.

But who knows that he is carrying a gift from the ocean with him every day? The fact is so on the authority of Sir Sidney Harmer, of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

Lecturing to scientists the other day on the whale fishing industry, he mentioned that the oil used for lubricating the tiny wheels of watches comes from the jaws of the dolphin.

Of course that is not the only oil we get from the sea. The whale oil obtained in a recent year from Antarctic waters, and worth £20 a ton, totalled 94,000 tons. Fortunes are being made out of whales. An average Greenland whale, now almost extinct, had a ton of whalebone in its mouth, worth £2000, and 30 tons of oil in its body.

A Great Man Blunders

Whale flesh is good for food, tasting like tender beefsteak; and ambergris from the sperm whale, used for perfumes, is worth £4 an ounce.

Although Sir Sidney Harmer had no occasion to recall the fact to his learned listeners, it is true that ambergris was long one of the mysteries of the sea. It is found floating in great masses, and a thousand speculations have arisen as to its nature. Actually it comes from the digestive organs of the whale.

But ambergris lives in our books as one of the occasions of stumbling to the wise. In writing his dictionary Dr. Johnson had two guesses as to its nature.

In the first definition he describes it as refuse from birds washed off the rocks into the sea; in the second as honeycombs that have fallen into the sea.

It would have been interesting to hear the old Doctor's reply if his loving Boswell had told him that perfumers paid £64 a pound for this substance whose nature trapped him into error.

ARE STAMPS TO GO?

Machine Which Threatens Them

Everyone will be interested in the invention of a machine which threatens to abolish stamps on letters.

The Postmaster-General has authorised the use of the machines, which were devised to save the time of business men. The machine quickly stamps letters for a halfpenny, a penny, or three halfpence, and so on up to a shilling, and a business house, by its use, saves not only time but is protected from dishonesty.

Each machine has a meter, and the user pre-pays to the post office a certain sum. This sum is registered on the meter, and the machine will go on stamping till the sum is exhausted, when fresh payment must be made.

Presumably, if this machine comes into universal use—it is already in use in America—collectors will have to content themselves with cut-out impressions of the machine stampings, which is hardly as attractive as our old friend the perforated gummed label.

The Weather of October

LONDON		RAINFALL	
Hours of sun	101·4	London	ins. 1·02
Hours of rain	213	Sidmouth	ins. 1·58
Wet days	12	Newcastle	ins. 1·90
Dry days	19	Cardiff	ins. 1·73
Warmest day	14th	Fort William	ins. 4·92
Coldest day	26th	Dublin	ins. 0·86

THE NEW GOVERNMENT

GETTING BACK TO PARTY POLITICS

Some Curious Points About the Great National Change

BOYS AND GIRLS HELP TO MAKE PARLIAMENT

The new Government, with Mr. Bonar Law as Prime Minister, has settled down in the smallest Parliament for a hundred years.

The last Parliament had 707 members; the new Parliament has 615. The difference is mainly due to the fact that Ireland is almost unrepresented in the present Parliament, the only Irish members being nine for Ulster.

The interest in the Election was not very great, and the percentage of polling for the whole country was only 67. That is to say, less than three in four of the voters used their votes. In a few big towns the percentage was naturally higher: Dundee, for instance, was 79; Glasgow, 76; Bristol, 75; Manchester, 74; Birmingham, 72; but nowhere did the voting strength reach the height of 1906, when many towns polled 90 or 95 per cent.

The Country Speaks

What has happened as the result of the Election is that the country has shown its strong desire to return to the ordinary system of party politics and to end the small group system which has been establishing itself during the last few years. There has evidently been a strong desire to end War politics and to get politics back on to a Peace basis, with the three main parties of Liberalism, Conservatism, and Labour.

One very curious result of the Election is that the Government, in spite of a big majority in Parliament, has a minority of votes in the country. In Parliament there are 346 supporters of the Government, 142 Labour men, and 115 Liberals, with twelve odd members and independents.

The Conservatives, therefore, have a big majority over all other parties together, but the fact is that they polled less than six million votes against nearly nine millions for all other parties. The Prime Minister himself represents a minority of the voters in his own constituency, so that we have what may be called a minority Prime Minister of a minority Government.

Baby Goes to the Poll

All this is due to certain curiosities in our electoral system which make it possible, where there are three candidates for one seat, for the top candidate to win, although he may poll fewer votes than the other two candidates together.

Long ago the immortal Gilbert declared in his inimitable way that

Every boy and every girl born into this world alive
Is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative;

but it is not every day that boys and girls are allowed to vote for a Parliament. In the election just over, however, quite a number of children all over the country obtained this privilege through mistakes on the register of voters. If your name is on the register you can vote, and nobody can stop you.

The youngest voter was a little boy of two, who voted at Central Portsmouth. When he is grown up he will be able to cause a little surprise by remarking casually, "In the year 1922, when I voted for Mr. So-and-so"!

A little girl of three voted at Balham for Sir Alfred Butt, and a little boy of three voted at Central Hull for Commander Kenworthy. Altogether at least six children voted in this big election.

The main fact is that the country is now back to ordinary politics, and all good people hope for a reign of peace and goodwill and much prosperity for the country as a whole.

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NEW USE FOR RUBBER

MAKING PAPER WATER-PROOF

Discovery that May Change an Industry

AN OLD NUISANCE BECOMES A BLESSING

A discovery that may have a great influence on the paper-making industry, and may even revolutionise it, is now creating wide-spread interest among paper-makers in this country.

It is the discovery by Mr. Frederick Kaye, just announced to the Institution of Rubber Industry, that if paper-makers use rubber, in what is known as its latex form, it will improve every kind of paper and cheapen its making.

The suggestion that rubber should be used in paper-making is startling to the manufacturer, because rubber is at present one of his greatest annoyances. Paper is made from rags, from certain classes of trees known as pulp-wood, and from fibres and grasses, notably esparto.

Trouble for the Paper-Makers

In mills where paper is made wholly or in part from rags, such as old cotton dress materials, the paper-maker is put to much trouble and expense in carefully cutting out such things as elastic bands, rubber dress-protectors, and so on, which would spoil the paper, because such rubber is insoluble in any of the liquids used in the rag paper-making process.

Latex is the fluid, sometimes resembling cream or thick milk, which exudes from a rubber tree when it is tapped by having a shallow cut made in the bark. It resembles milk, too, because it contains numerous tiny globules, but, whereas in milk these globules consist of fat, in latex they consist mainly of caoutchouc, the essential part of rubber.

Good rubber-yielding trees yield a latex containing about 40 per cent. of rubber. The latex coagulates—that is to say, the globules unite to form rubber—when acid substances are added; some latex yields rubber on drying. On plantations this latex has to be coagulated quickly, otherwise it putrefies, and yields a low grade product.

Bringing Home the Latex

Now, as solid rubber is a nuisance to the paper-maker, Mr. Kaye was confronted with the problem of getting the milky latex to this country without it becoming putrefied. By adding 43 gallons of strong ammonia to it he has imported from Malaya 1250 gallons of latex, which arrived in excellent condition, and has been used in mills in Britain, America, Belgium, and Holland.

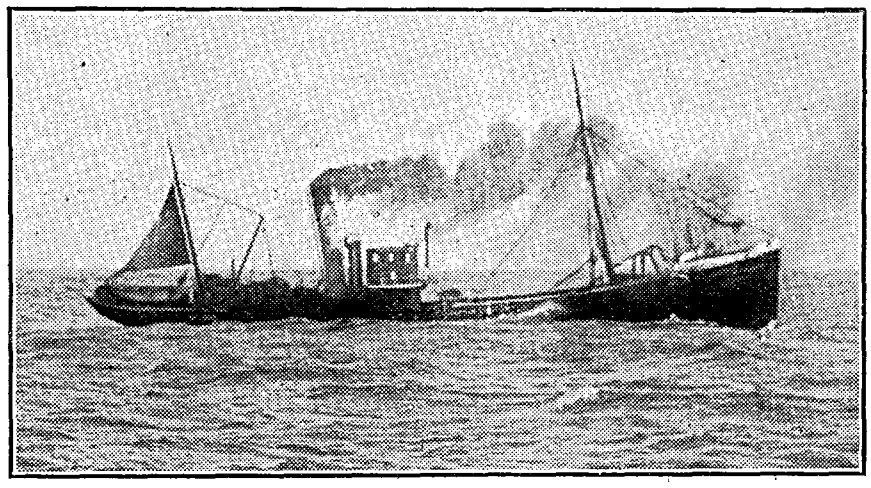
For use in the paper mill the latex is thoroughly diluted with water, so that, on being added to the beaten pulp, it quickly penetrates the mass and mixes with every particle of the fibre. It requires no mechanical or heat treatment that might affect the rubber particles, and is believed to hasten the mixing of the liquid stuff to the required strength. The cost of the quantity used in a ton of paper will not exceed about 18s.

Improved Food Containers

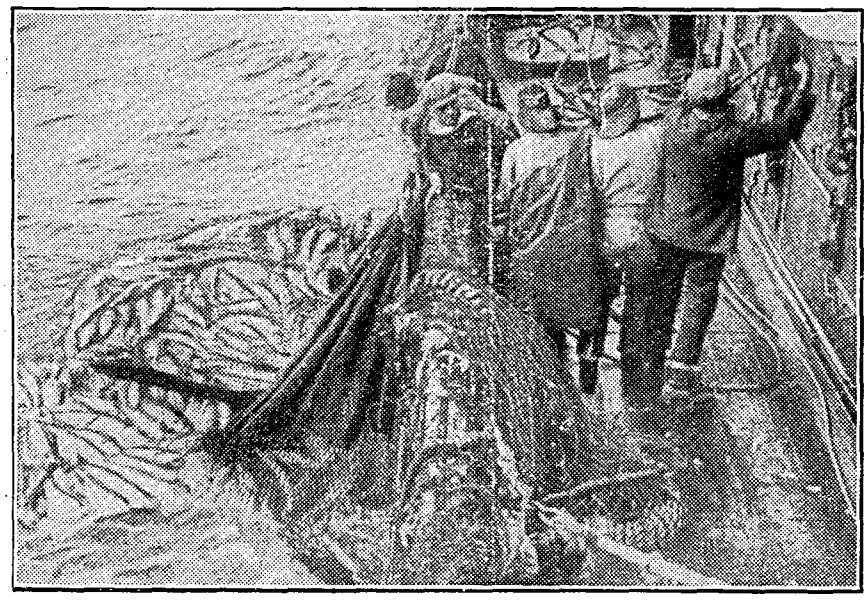
Should rubber latex fulfil its promise in the paper mill it will introduce into paper-making a substance long sought after, for it will overcome many existing weaknesses in paper. It is believed that it will give elasticity to a strong but inelastic paper; that it will strengthen paper made from poor materials; and that it will give paper strength and firmness without harshness and brittleness, and prove beneficial in paper that has to be folded many times.

It is anticipated that it will be of great use in rendering paper waterproof in itself, without special treatment for the purpose, and that, therefore, it will be of high importance in the manufacture of paper food containers, jam covers, insulating paper for cables, and so on, making them stronger, tougher, and much more damp-proof and air-proof than they now are.

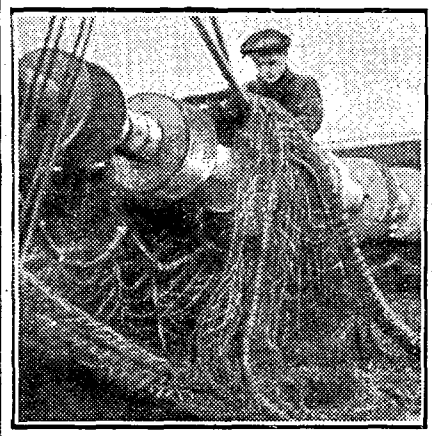
A FACTORY OUT AT SEA



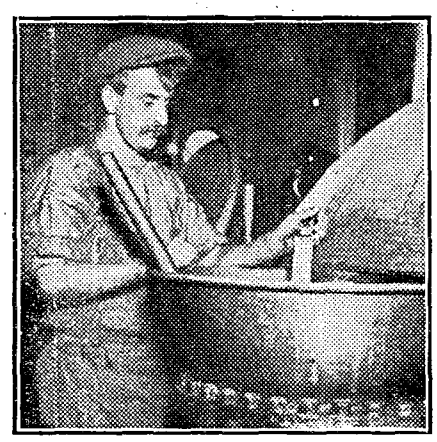
The trawler goes out to catch the cod



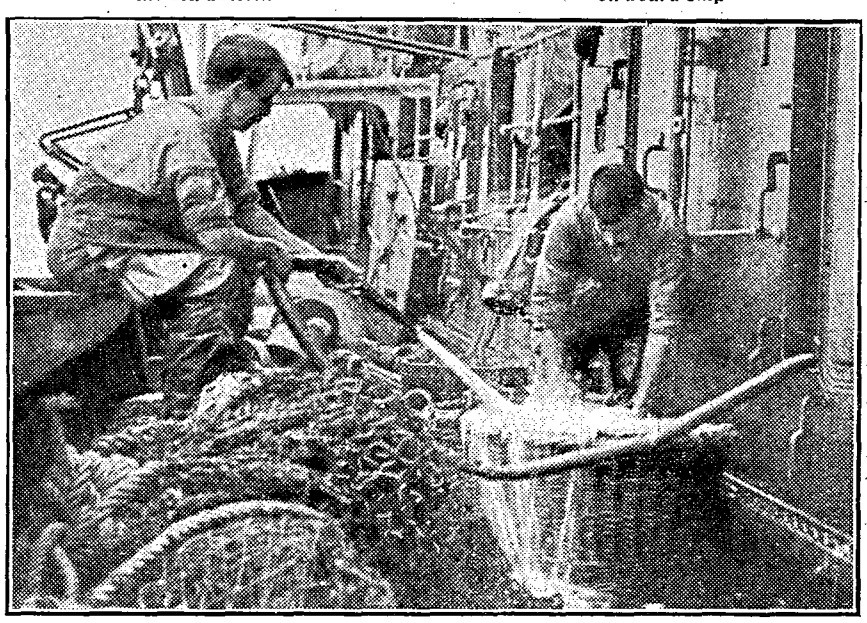
Hauling in a fine catch of fifteen tons



Preparing the trawl. The rollers run over the sea bottom



Extracting the oil from the livers of the cod on board ship



The catch of cod being cleaned just after being hauled on board

Now is the time when doctors order us to take cod-liver oil, which is not a medicine but a very valuable food. These pictures show how the cod is caught, the oil being extracted on the trawlers and placed in hermetically sealed vessels till it reaches the shore

THE FLYING DUSTMAN

A FRESH IDEA FOR THE BOLL WEEVIL

Bold Plan to Starve an Insect to Save an Industry

WHAT WILL AMERICA DO?

The fight being carried on in the cotton-growing Southern States of America against the insect pest that is endangering their prosperity becomes increasingly interesting.

The boll weevil seems likely to spread ruin throughout the whole cotton-growing region there, and already there is talk of cotton-growing being transferred to other lands on a great scale. But the American people are not easily beaten, and their attacks on the intruder are taking curious forms, which will be watched with keen interest everywhere.

Here are two of their plans. The first plan aims at poisoning the weevils wholesale by dusting all the infected cotton-growing lands with chemicals scattered by aeroplanes.

Aeroplane of Death

A plane loaded up with calcium arsenate dust passes backward and forward, dropping the dust as it flies. Some of the aeroplanes, it is claimed, will sprinkle a breadth of cotton-growing land thoroughly over a width of a hundred yards at each passage over a plantation; and this is by far the cheapest way of distributing the poisonous dressing effectively.

Another plan is to starve the weevils out of one district at a time by not providing cotton on which they can feed. Just as in England the owners of animals are compensated by the country for the loss of any animals slaughtered to prevent the spread of animal diseases, so it is proposed, as the C.N. has already noted, that the whole country shall pay compensation to one area at a time for that area being forbidden to grow any cotton for a year.

A Cottonless Belt

Across a belt 300 miles wide, if this proposal is adopted, no cotton will be grown, so that the insect will either perish or be forced to withdraw southward in search of food.

The next year the cultivation of cotton in another belt of land would be prohibited, and in this way, in five years, the weevils would be starved out, through belt after belt.

Then the United States might leave along its southern border a permanent belt 100 miles wide in which no cotton would ever be grown, and so, as the cotton-weevil could not find any food in that area, it would be unable again to penetrate into the Southern States.

SPEEDING UP THE HEMP INDUSTRY

Machine for Stripping the Fibre

WONDERFUL SAVING OF TIME

The Manila hemp industry in the Philippines is being speeded up, a machine having been invented to do the work of stripping the fibre, formerly carried out by hand.

Manila hemp is not really a true hemp, but the fibre of a plantain, a kind of banana, grown on the hillsides of the islands of Luzon and Mindanao.

The fibre used is found in the overlapping leaf-sheaths, which support stems twenty feet high. When about five years old the plant throws out a flower shoot, and the whole stalk is then cut down. The fibrous leaf-sheath is split into strips, and hitherto these strips have been scraped by hand.

Now, however, a hemp-stripping machine is in use which does seven times the work of the old hand process in a given time. With it one man can strip 140 pounds of fibre a day, a task that by hand occupies a whole week.

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THE EDITOR'S NEW BOOK

A GOLDEN YEAR AND WHAT HE SAW IN IT

A Journey Through Time and the World's Great Scenes

TRAVEL PICTURES

Arthur Mee's Golden Year. Over the Hills and Far Away. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

The Editor's new gift book for the Christmas season is on the bookstalls, and, as he is not looking while this page of the C.N. is being sent to press, I will tell our readers about it here.

He calls it his Golden Year because it describes the places he has liked best during the holiday travels of many years, travels that would have occupied a whole year if they had been continuous.

Seeing in Pictures

Two of the eighteen chapters in the book give the reader a general survey of Italy and Egypt, and the rest tell what is best worth seeing in some country, district, or city—Switzerland, Norway, Provence, the Riviera, Milan, Florence, Venice, Rome, Paris, Pompeii, Cannes, and the more impressive sights of Egypt.

This great panorama of travel is *illustrated* by 72 fine pictures. That means immensely more than it would mean in an ordinary illustrated book, for Arthur Mee sees in pictures constantly, as all know who have travelled with him or who have read his books and publications.

Everything he admires is printed inside his eye for ever from the view-point whence it appears most beautiful or romantic to him, and he will not use an illustration that fails to recall his deepest impression.

The Book's Wide Sweep

This book, I think, is the best illustrated book that Mr. Mee has included in his Christmas series.

It covers, too, the widest sweep, concentrates on the most important things, and from it there is the most to be learnt.

It is true that this editor for the world's youth sees everything around him in pictures, but his is no surface vision, though the mere face of beauty has its charm for him. There must also be an appeal to the inward eye if that enthusiasm is to be aroused which has given an intense vitality to all his most essential work.

Dramatic Life

To outward beauty must be added other elements of interest if the true Arthur Mee is to be aroused. One is a profound sense of the part played by Time. He is thrilled by all old things that have held out against the wearing centuries. And next he is thrilled by the human factor—dramatic life. A story, old or new, captivates him. Then the idea of growth through long time, constant development, with beauty and romance as an accompaniment all the way, exalts him. What a wonderful march we are in!

Beauty and Time and Romance and an ever perfecting scheme in Nature and Morals and Spirituality—how fine it all is, and how well worth telling to people, especially to the young! That is the spirit of Arthur Mee, reflected in a hundred ways, the latest being this delightful Christmas book.

It is a spirit that uplifts and warms and cheers.

JOHN DERRY

TERROR OF THE SEA WORLD

War on a Ferocious Creature

THE KILLER WHALE

An enemy is at work in the Northern seas doing havoc among the seals. It is the killer whale, said to be feared by practically the whole under-water life of the world.

Some years ago seals were being slaughtered in such vast numbers by human hunters that the nations agreed to regulate the hunting and to prevent more than a certain proportion of seals being killed each year.

This had the desired effect, but now the seals are being hunted to death by the species of grampus known as the killer whale. It is an evil name, but the ferocious creature lives up to it, for it is merciless among the seals, and when attacking the young will actually swallow them whole. A Californian expert who has been studying the whole question tells of a killer whale whose stomach contained 24 young seals.

These grampuses hover about the Pribilof Islands, in the Bering Sea, where the fur seals go every autumn and spring to breed and bring up their families; and they are relentless in their ferocity. Sometimes in their eager pursuit they follow their prey on land, when, of course, they are stranded, and, being unable to get back to the sea, they perish miserably.

The effect of these constant raids on the fur trade is becoming so serious that a fierce war is to be waged on the killer whale. It yields nothing that is of any use to man, and so far has enjoyed an immunity that more worthy members of its own family have failed to obtain. If, however, the war is successful, the seals will be relieved of one of their bitterest foes.

But if they could understand the seals might not be so grateful as we should expect, for they are only to be saved from the clutches of the killer whale for a year or two in order that they may be taken later by man for their furs.

ELEPHANT AND ITS HUMOUR

Teaching Baby

A Transvaal reader declares that elephants certainly have a sense of humour, and he gives what he regards as an instance.

There is a dam here which in the wet season becomes full to the brim with water. Leading down to the water on one side is an inclined plane.

After heavy rains the elephants love to climb to the top of this incline, sit down on their haunches, and slide down into the water, amid a great deal of trumpeting and squealing. They have been seen playing this game many times. They also teach the baby elephants how to slide. If they are nervous they push them gently over the edge until they get used to the descent and enjoy it.

Picture on page 7

THE SUGAR FLOWER

New Use for Dahlias

The latest new source of sugar is the dahlia, and it looks as though we may one day be growing flowers in order to obtain a suitable supply of sugar.

The sugar is extracted from the tuber of the dahlia, the thickened stem that grows underground, and it is said to be very valuable, as it can be taken without ill effects by people suffering from diabetes.

The American Dahlia Society and the United States Bureau of Standards are cooperating with a view of developing the possibilities of extracting sugar from dahlias.

The form of sugar obtained is known as levulose, and it is found in honey and in many fruits.

SUNSHINE OR MOONSHINE?

IS THE ARCTIC BECOMING WARMER?

Coal and Wood Found Near the South Pole

TIGERS ON AN ARCTIC ISLAND

The grown-up papers have printed a remarkable statement issued by the Commerce Department of the United States on the strength of a report by one of its consuls.

The Arctic is said to be changing its climate, to be thawing its icebergs, and laying bare the stones brought down from the interior by glaciers which have now vanished.

The sea is said to be too warm for seals, too warm for ice-loving fishes, but just the right temperature for herrings and smelts, which have been farther north than has ever been the case before.

Scientists in this country and the wide world over will require much better proof than the evidence on which this official statement from America is based. Climates do not change in a season—or in a century—in the Far North and South.

Caught in a Sea of Ice

Amundsen's ship, the Maud, has been as well and truly frozen in and dragged about by ice as ever ship was. Stefansson's little barques have been made prisoners; some have been split and drowned, dropped through split masses of a sea of ice.

Peary found the North Pole as bitterly cold and as fast girt with ice as the first white men did who set toward it centuries ago.

Seasonal variations of weather affect the Poles as they affect lands nearer the Equator. Winter sets in early one year, late another. It is exceptionally cold for one spell, normally terrible next. The absence of seals may be accounted for in many ways—herrings were absent from many British waters last summer.

Peary found walruses and musk oxen teeming on his way up to the Pole; a previous expedition had died of starvation because there was no such food available in the very same track.

Trees Where No Trees Grow

Of course, there have been epochs of great warmth at the Poles. Scott carried back to his tent of death coal and fossil wood from near the South Pole. For that coal to have formed there must once have been luxuriant forests where now all is ice and snow.

Less than forty years ago Baron Toll and Dr. Bunge, working north up to Liakhov Island, made a staggering discovery. There were the remains of trees which had waxed great and splendid in the long ago two or three hundred miles north of the limit of present-day vegetation. But that was the least of the wonders.

There were remains of the mammoth, which we should expect in such latitude; and relics of musk oxen occasioned no surprise. But there were the remains of tigers in that Arctic island!

Antelopes in the North

We have tigers at present in chilly Siberia, one may add. Yes; but these in the Far North must have been tropical tigers, like the fierce beauties of modern Bengal, for lying with them were the remains of antelopes, creatures of sunshine and warmth.

The Poles have had their tropical days, but they did not change their habit in one man's lifetime; and the Arctic will not do so now. We shall await further details of the story, which we here give for what it is worth.

DAMAGING THE ROADS

So much damage is being done to great roads in America by over-loaded motor lorries that drastic action is being taken. In New York State 150 drivers were arrested by the police in a few days for carrying excessive loads.

THE NOBEL PRIZES

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MEN WIN THEM

World's Greatest Literary Reward Goes to a Clown

HOW A DYNAMITE FORTUNE IS HELPING PEACE

It has been announced that the 1922 Nobel prize for chemistry has been awarded to a distinguished English scientist, Mr. Francis William Aston, of Cambridge, and the chemistry prize for 1921 to another famous English chemist, Professor Soddy, of Oxford, so that both the ancient English universities have been honoured.

The Nobel literature prize for 1922 has been awarded to a Spaniard, Señor Jacinto Benavento, who began his career as a clown, and became an actor.

A Famous Chemist's Will

These Nobel prizes, as many of us know, are awards made each year in accordance with the will of a great Swedish chemist who died in 1896—Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite and other high explosives. The bulk of his wealth, amounting to £1,700,000, he left in trust to provide five prizes each year for men or women of any nation who distinguished themselves in certain activities of human life, and each award amounts to £7500.

According to the will each year's interest is to be divided into five equal parts, one to be given to the person who has made the most important discovery or invention in physical science; another to the one who has made the most important discovery or introduced the greatest improvement in chemistry; the third to the author of the greatest discovery in physiology or medicine; the fourth to the author of the most remarkable writing of an idealistic nature; and the fifth to the man or woman who has done the best work for the brotherhood of nations and for peace.

Revolution in Industry

The science prizes are awarded each year by the Swedish Academy of Sciences, the physiology prize by the Caroline Institution at Stockholm, the literature prize by the Stockholm Academy, and the peace prize by a committee elected by the Norwegian Parliament.

It is curious that the man who, more than any other, advanced the science of high explosives, resulting in so much destruction to life and property in the Great War, should have been essentially a man of peace, whose inventions were made solely to benefit mankind, and whose vast wealth was left to help on the cause of progress in many spheres.

It has been said of dynamite that it made possible the execution of the gigantic engineering work of our period and brought about that prodigious development of the mining industries of the world which has gone on since 1870.

A Brave Man's Courage

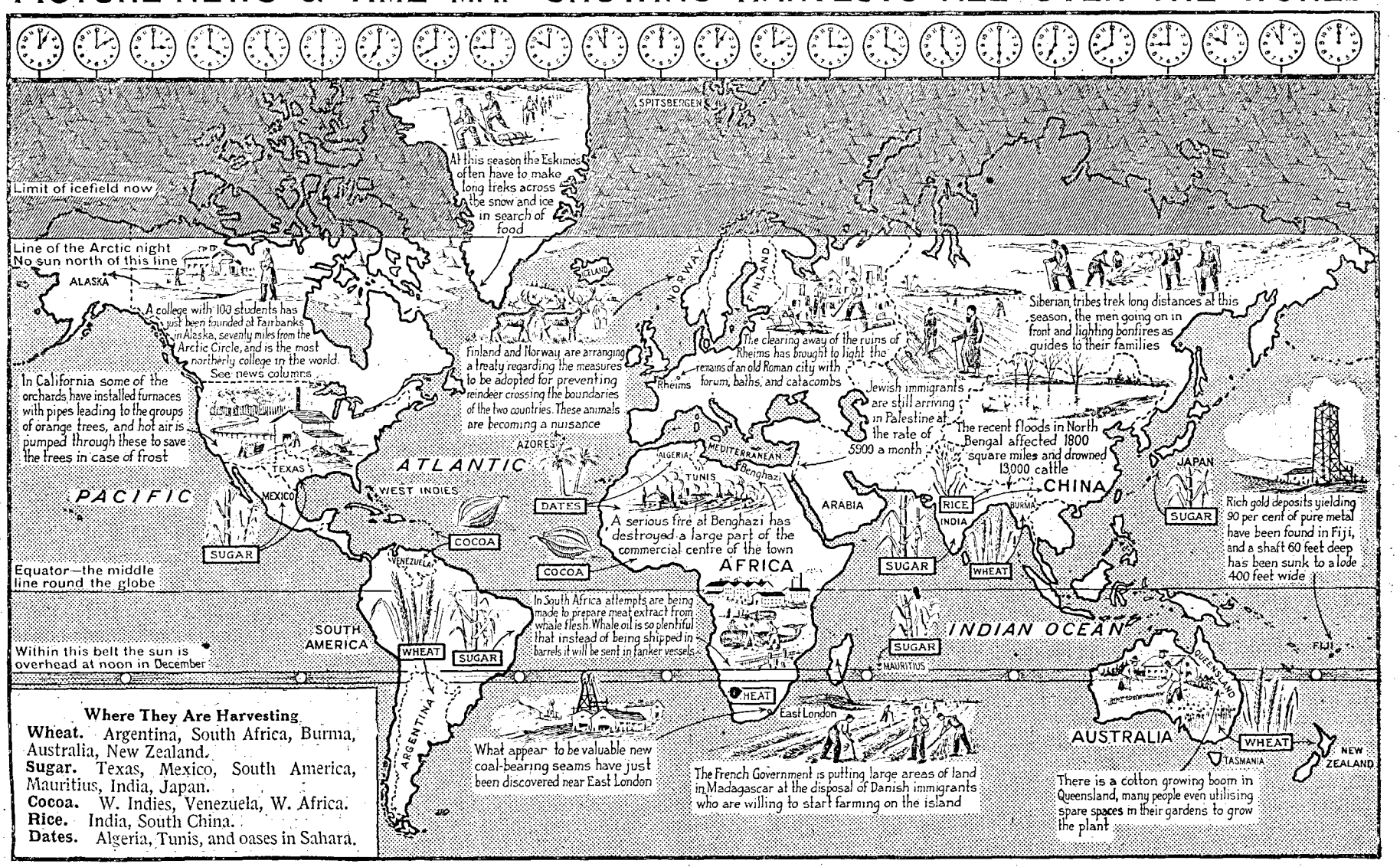
The invention of dynamite marked a new epoch in the history of civilisation and enabled man in a single generation to change the face of the Earth by moving mountains from his path and flinging a network of railways swiftly over continent after continent.

Nobel was a brave man, for, although he was naturally sensitive and nervous, and the contact of the new explosive with his skin gave him terrible headaches, he was always ready to go into mines and quarries and show the miners how safe it was. No pain could quench the courage of his soul.

Among distinguished Britons who have won previous Nobel prizes are Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Ramsay, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Two women have been awarded prizes—Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium; and Baroness von Suttner, the author of a famous anti-war novel. In 1920 the peace prize was awarded to President Wilson.

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PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



Where They Are Harvesting

Wheat. Argentina, South Africa, Burma, Australia, New Zealand.
Sugar. Texas, Mexico, South America, Mauritius, India, Japan.
Cocoa. W. Indies, Venezuela, W. Africa.
Rice. India, South China.
Dates. Algeria, Tunis, and oases in Sahara.

TOO HOT FOR WORKING

A Mine Over a Mile Deep

In Brazil is a mine a mile and a quarter beneath the surface of the ground, and the temperature of the rocks is so high that special arrangements have had to be made for ventilation, so that miners may find it possible to work there.

The thermometer records for the rocks 118 degrees, a temperature communicated to the air of the mine; and to overcome this difficulty a series of ventilating fans has had to be installed to be set working daily before the men descend.

The United States Bureau of Mines is interested in the methods used in Brazil, as there are several mines in the United States the workings of which are getting lower and lower, so that the temperature problem is imminent there.

It is this increasing of the temperature as lava strata are reached in the Earth's crust that proves the existence of some powerful source of heat in the interior.

COLLEGE FARTHEST NORTH

Education 70 Miles from the Arctic Circle

The most northerly college in the world has been opened at Fairbanks, in Alaska, 70 miles from the Arctic Circle.

The Legislature of the territory voted £12,000 for the equipment of the college, and the Government of the United States will allow it an annual grant of £10,000.

Already a hundred students are on the college books for courses in mining, agriculture, economics, civil and electrical engineering, general science, and commercial work.

A staff of able professors has been engaged, and there is no doubt that there is a real need for a college in this region far removed from the ordinary educational centres, where a very sparse population is scattered over a wide area. *See World Map*

FOOD AND ASH-PAILS

A Word for the Ear of the Westminster M.O.H.

In some of the high tenement houses in Westminster the inhabitants maintain communication with the ground by means of cages, which they raise and lower by a pulley and a rope.

In these cages they bring up their milk and other foods and also lower their ash-pails.

The use of the same cage for milk and meat, for ashes and waste paper and dirt, seems most insanitary; but that is not the only evil, for the ash-pails are sometimes left for hours in the cages, and on a windy day the air is filled with dust and ashes and flying bits of dirty paper.

Further, even if the ash-pail be promptly filled and lowered, it is certain that in the process of raising and lowering, dirt and dust will blow into the windows that it passes. There are two insanitary features, therefore, in this arrangement as at present carried out.

The same cage should not be used for food and for ash-pails, and if ash-pails are to be raised and lowered through the air in this way, or kept standing outside a high window, they should either have tightly fitting lids or should be carried in a closed cage.

Perhaps the Health Officer of the Borough of Westminster will look into the matter.

LIFEBOAT'S JOURNEY

Fourteen Hours in the Sea

The Stromness motor lifeboat performed a great feat in rescuing the crew of the Aberdeen trawler Cornet wrecked in the Orkneys.

It was in the sea for 14 hours, during which it travelled 114 miles, and the engines never stopped.

Such a feat is a tribute to the devotion of the lifeboat crew and to the efficiency of the lifeboat engine.

INSECT BEATS A MAN

An Industry Abandoned

A startling example of how an insect can master man has just been seen in the total abandonment of the camphor industry in the United States.

The ravages of a small insect pest known as the thrip, which has for some years attacked camphor trees, have now become so great that both the cultivation of the camphor tree and the profitable work of extracting the camphor are to cease.

The thrip is a tiny insect which exists in many different forms; certain families of thrips have at times caused great damage to the wheat crops of England.

The fight for the mastery between man and insects is almost continual, and in some cases all the science and ingenuity of man fails to conquer the insect.

THE MYSTERIOUS BAND

Odd Scene in a Street

A party of students of Wisconsin recently caused great astonishment by parading about and giving selections of music without any musical instruments.

The explanation was that the music was received by wireless on antennae wires stretched between poles carried by two students, one in front, the other at the back of the party.

Two loud-speaking horns formed part of the outfit, and the receiving set was carried about on a stretcher.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Amundsen	Ah-**mund**-sen
Copiapo	Ko-pe-ah-**po**
Hyades	**Hi**-a-deez
Ichthyosaurus	**Ik**-the-o-**saw**-rus
Nobel	**No**-bel
Ormolu	Or-mo-**lu**
Procyon	**Pro**-se-on
Titian	**Tish**-an

WHAT COLOUR IS THE MOON?

Mauve, Brown, Green & Blue

The Moon seems to us to be white or silvery or yellow in colour, because the sunlight reflected to us from its general surface gives us the sensation of white.

But light giving the impression of white may be composed of various coloured rays, and different parts of the Moon may reflect different rays of the Sun's many-coloured white light.

Accordingly a scientific man in Birmingham has been making a careful study of light reflected from various parts of the Moon, and the result of his researches is exceedingly interesting.

He found that the floors of two great craters in the Moon were mauve in colour, as if they were made of basaltic lava such as we see in the Giant's Causeway, and such as probably composed the first crust of the Earth. He also found that the great valley to the west of the crater Clavius is probably blue mottled with brown, and that the southern slopes of the volcano Maginus are green streaked with brown and blue.

THE LONELY LIGHTHOUSE

Tragic Plight of Four People

Ptomaine poisons have done many evil deeds; but the other day they surpassed their previous crimes by trying to extinguish the light of a lighthouse, and wreck good ships on dangerous rocks.

Of four people on a lonely lighthouse on the Magdalen Islands, three were completely incapacitated by ptomaine poisons, and the fourth, a woman, was utterly worn out with nursing and with looking after the lighthouse light when the Canadian cruiser Margaret just in the nick of time came to the rescue.

They might well all four have died, and one can imagine no more tragic situation than that of four people dying in a dark lighthouse, knowing that ships at sea misled by the darkness were steering to destruction on the rocks.

Surely every lighthouse should have its wireless and operator in these days?

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
DECEMBER 2 ❀ 1922

Will Carleton's Day

OUR American cousins—for we suppose they may still be called cousins—have a very happy knack of doing some things just right.

For instance, the State of Michigan has appointed a day in each year that shall be kept in the schools of the State as Carleton Day, to bear in mind and honour the memory of Will Carleton, the poet whose verses are recited with laughter and tears all over the world, and who was born in Michigan.

How good it is that this should be done! We have nothing quite like it in the British Isles. It is true we have commemorations of Shakespeare at Stratford from time to time, but that festival is largely supported by the stage, and is not unconnected with the business of the drama. The men of Scotland, too, wherever they may live, keep aglow the memory of Robert Burns, and that is more nearly a popular movement. Also, bands of enthusiasts cultivate friendship at the genial shrine of that big-hearted tale-teller Charles Dickens.

But when these tributes to men who can never be dead have been mentioned there is no more to be said from this side of the Atlantic. London does not commemorate Milton, nor Cumberland Wordsworth, nor Lincolnshire Tennyson; but Michigan knows and delights in Will Carleton, and makes him a hero in the eyes of her children.

It is entirely admirable that it should be so, for Will Carleton deserved the fame, the more than local fame, he won. He was a countryman, born on a farm, and he lived his life in close contact with the people.

He worked on the land, put himself to college, taught in rural schools, and became a newspaper writer who lived with plain folks and put the love and pathos and humour of their lives into verses they could understand. So, spontaneously, out of the hearts of the people of Michigan comes the demand that their own poet shall have his yearly day, when every Michigan school will hear of him again and have the chance of admiring his tender poems of life and character like "Betsy and I are out" and "Gone with a handsomer man."

Such commemorations of notable men in the districts where they were born have the useful effect of stimulating proud attachment to the countryside we knew when the world was fair with the romance of youth. Not poets alone, for they, perhaps, are least sure of enduring fame, but all men finally approved as great might well have their local day of admiring memory; and the school is the place where the foundations of fame can be most surely laid.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

The Stage Lady's Idea

THERE are some welcome faces in the new Parliament. But we miss the stage lady who was to go there to see that children get more work to do and fathers more beer.

"My third plank is a reduction in the price of beer and tobacco," she said. "My next plank is to stop education at 14, when a child should begin to earn a living. The brainy children could go to school at night." Was it not a jolly programme?

Certainly it was original. The return to child labour in mills and factories, and perhaps in mines, with night schools for the best child workers, would have been a fresh way of solving the problem of putting trade right. But perhaps it is better to try it on the stage instead of in Parliament, and evidently the nation thinks so. We hope this lady will find plenty of time for her ideas—on the stage.

❀



The Widow's Might

Europe: You wouldn't expect a poor widow to pay a bill like this?

America: Why not? Stop your armies and put you sons to work, and you will soon be able to pay.

❀

A Word for the New Parliament

SIR GEORGE NEWMAN, the most admirable Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education, tells us a very serious thing about the children of the nation's schools.

He says that one in every three of the very little children, on first coming to school at five, brings with it seeds of disease, and that about one in ten is so backward that it checks the progress of all in the classes.

These are grave statements, and the C.N. would not be doing its duty if it did not protest against the neglect of so large a proportion of the nation's chief hope for the future—its children.

In the war far too many men were unfit for duty, and the terrible expression "C3" came to be known as the brand of the unfit. But C3 men were once C3 children, and it is clear that C3 children are still painfully common, owing to bad housing, unemployment, neglect, and inefficient schools.

Here is something for our new politicians to do, clearly; and we hope they will do it.

Patriotism as It is Sometimes

AN English writer whose stories everybody reads (according to the publishers) has made a noble sacrifice (according to the publishers).

We are told that she will sacrifice a fortune by patriotically insisting that *only British producers shall film her books!*

It does seem truly patriotic to save our good name by hiding from other countries the sort of books that everybody in England reads (according to the publishers).

❀

Tip-Cat

TINO finds that being a king is no fun nowadays. His attempts have not even been amusing.

⊡

LADY BONHAM-CARTER regrets that the Dove of Peace has begun to moult.

Profiteers are hoping to feather their nests again.

⊡

A MAN should always keep his temper, says a lecturer. He does when he has one too good to lose.

⊡

PESSIMISTS are asking what we have got out of the war. Optimists, please reply.

⊡

To dress unlike others, a critic says, is to dress badly. But it is worse to dress like some others. Has the critic been down Bond Street?

⊡

IT is said that Parliament is not for busy men. The benches there are not the sort you work at.

⊡

TABLE-TENNIS is the newest craze. The inventor does not believe in letting the grass grow under his feet.

⊡

A CORRESPONDENT asks how we should stand if we fought Turkey. With our faces to the East.

❀

Why Not Plain Laws?

WHY is it that people who write the wording of Acts of Parliament are so often unable to say clearly what the Act means?

A county court judge has said that the Rent Restriction Act is "the worst-drawn Act" he has ever had to deal with. That is a sweeping statement, for all Acts seem to be so doubtful somewhere that they cause much money to be spent on finding out their real meaning. Need that be?

Old Sir Thomas More said about 400 years ago that laws were "blinder and darker than any man can understand." And he should know, for he was our Lord Chancellor. Strange that clear law writing is a duty nobody seems to have mastered.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If the recovery of Constantinople would make Turkish Delight

Have the Sun in Your Heart

There is something for all of us in this song, which is having a very large sale all over Germany, and we gladly pass it on to wherever the C.N. goes.

HAVE the sun in your heart
Though it storm, though it snow,
Though the sky's full of cloud
And the world full of woe.
Have sun in your heart,
Then, happen what may,
It will brighten to gladness
The gloomiest day.

HAVE a song on your lips
With a jolly refrain,
Then worry's dark goblins
Attack you in vain.
Have a song on your lips
And, happen what may,
It will help you to win through
The weariest day.

HAVE a word for all comrades
In need or in grief,
And see if what helps you
Can bring them relief.
Have a song on your lips
And you'll be of good cheer.
Have sun in your heart
And you've nothing to fear.

❀

The Old Man and the Little Birds

By La Petite Européenne

TALKING the other day of Lamennais, one of the French philosophers of the last century, somebody recalled this little instance of his kindness.

While Lamennais was in prison, a victim of his political opinions, he caught severe bronchitis, and the doctor prescribed warm drinks for him. A lady called at the sick room and found him lunching on a cup of cold milk.

"What," said the lady, "cold milk! Do you wish to get worse by disobeying the doctor?"

"Oh, I assure you that it will do me no harm," answered the old man.

"I assure you it will," replied his friend; "and would it be much trouble to have a fire in this stove on such a day?"

"I know, I know, but——"

"But you are lazy, are you not?"

"Yes, that is it; but next time——"

"There is no next time, and, as you are so neglectful of your health I will light the fire and warm this milk."

As the lady went up to the stove the philosopher pleaded: "Please, oh, please, leave it."

But the match was struck. Then Lamennais cried out in a frightened voice: "Wait; I'll tell you the truth!"

"The truth!" replied the lady, surprised. "What truth?"

"Well," said the old man, "in this prison the little swallows have built their nest on my chimney top. Look, you can see the nest from the window, and if I make a fire the smoke will disturb them, you see!"

It is worth while, at a time when many people are willing that birds should starve and die to adorn a hat, to remember a good old man who could starve in his prison-house to keep a nest of little birds happy.

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C. B.

THE MAN FOR BOYS AND MEN

How He Stood for the Noblest Cause in the World

ATHLETE, SCHOLAR, AND GENTLEMAN

By a Special Correspondent

The Boy's Candidate for the new Parliament was C. B. Fry. Every boy is sorry he did not win after a gallant fight for the League of Nations.

And most boys' fathers are sorry, too, for well they know that the League of Nations, which was in the very front of Mr. Fry's programme, is the only hope that their boys have of escaping the butchery which politicians call war.

Mr. Fry called at the office of the C.N. and took down with him a picture from the Children's Encyclopedia which had stirred his imagination, the picture of a girl standing by the moving sea, with her hair and her dress blowing in the wind—a picture which illustrated an article by Mr. Harold Begbie on Movement. "Moving, Moving since Creation," we had called it; and Mr. Fry, keen on the spirit of the League of Nations, caught the flow of the words and made them his text. We must move onward, we must move forward, ever aiming at something better, nobler, for mankind.

Training Boys for the Navy

The C.N. has no party politics; but Mr. Fry is no mere party man, and he would adorn the nation's Council Chamber. Truly he is a remarkable figure in our national life.

He realises the dream of Aristotle and Plato of the athletic scholar, the scholarly athlete, of physical perfection allied to brilliant mental attainments.

Remembering him as a paragon of athletes, we forget that he was a great classical scholar at Oxford, passing out ahead of such men as the last Lord Chancellor. We forget that he is a traveller eminently meriting his Fellowship of the Royal Geographical Society. We forget that he has devoted half a lifetime to training boys for the Navy.

Boy Who Excelled

It is his own fault. Probably no age ever produced his equal in athletics (though the Editor of the C.N. did once beat him at croquet!), and if a man will do such dazzling things as C.B. has done he must not wonder if his generation is blinded to his more normal feats in intellectual and philanthropic spheres.

A century hence his performances may be a legend; they are almost incredible to those of us who witnessed many of them. He excelled in everything he undertook. As a small boy he won a high-diving competition; he was a wonder at Repton.

At Oxford he was captain of the Association Football and Cricket Clubs and President of the Athletic Club, and he only missed his Rugby Blue through an accident. Here are some of his feats: High jump, 5 feet 9½ inches; long jump, 23 feet 6½ inches; 100 yards, 10 seconds.

A Bold Horseman

For years he held the amateur record of the world for the long jump. He was a superb full-back, and played for England and the Corinthians. A keen motorist, he is one of the boldest of living horsemen.

As to cricket, a book is necessary for his doings. Off-hand we remember that in one match he exceeded the hundred in the first innings and 200 in the second innings; that he scored six centuries in succession, that in a wet summer of vile wickets he had an average of over 80.

Between two ideals, the Spartan (which aimed only at bodily fitness) and

Continued from the previous column

the Greek (which aspired to culture of thought as well as of sinews), C.B. chose the Athenian. His testing time came when the last English cricket team was being formed to visit Australia.

We all knew that C.B. ought to captain the side, and of course the M.C.C. invited him to do so. But Mr. Fry is commander of the training ship Mercury, and, rather than imperil the obscure work of making good citizens of poor boys, he declined the greatest distinction an English cricketer can gain.

We lost the best of captains, and with him the Test Matches, but we gained a splendid example of quiet, grim devotion to unseen, unsung duty self-imposed upon an ardent, fiery spirit.

C.B. is known and honoured in the Councils of the Nations. His help and inspiration rang like a clarion in the noble speech which Prince Ranjitsinhji addressed to the European Congress at Genoa. And Ranji, his comrade in many a hard-fought battle on the cricket-field, was at Brighton helping C.B. in his new career of a lofty and unselfish attempt to enter Parliament and begin service of his fellows.

Mr. Fry is the hero of the great Voteless Coalition, a coalition of the hearts of all the boys of Britain. E. A. B.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A burning cigarette end is said to have started the big fire in Naples Harbour which enveloped two warships in flames.

A Domestic Hedgehog

A Brecon reader reports a nightly visit, about nine o'clock, from a hedgehog. There is now also a young one. Neither curls up when being handled.

Never Ill in 47 Years

Mr. Thomas Tennick, a postman of Gainford, in Durham, has retired after walking 16 miles a day for 47 years, without missing a day through illness.

Chinese Voyagings

Commenting on a Chinese junk crossing the Pacific, a reader reminds us that the Chinese junk Keying made the journey from Hong Kong round the Cape of Good Hope to London between December 8, 1846 and March 27, 1848—or in 477 days.

The whole staff of the United States Post Office is to have its finger-prints taken.

What an Endless Cable Does

A British Columbia mine transports its ore from the pithead to the waterfront, eleven miles, by an aerial endless cable 22 miles long—the longest endless cable in the world.

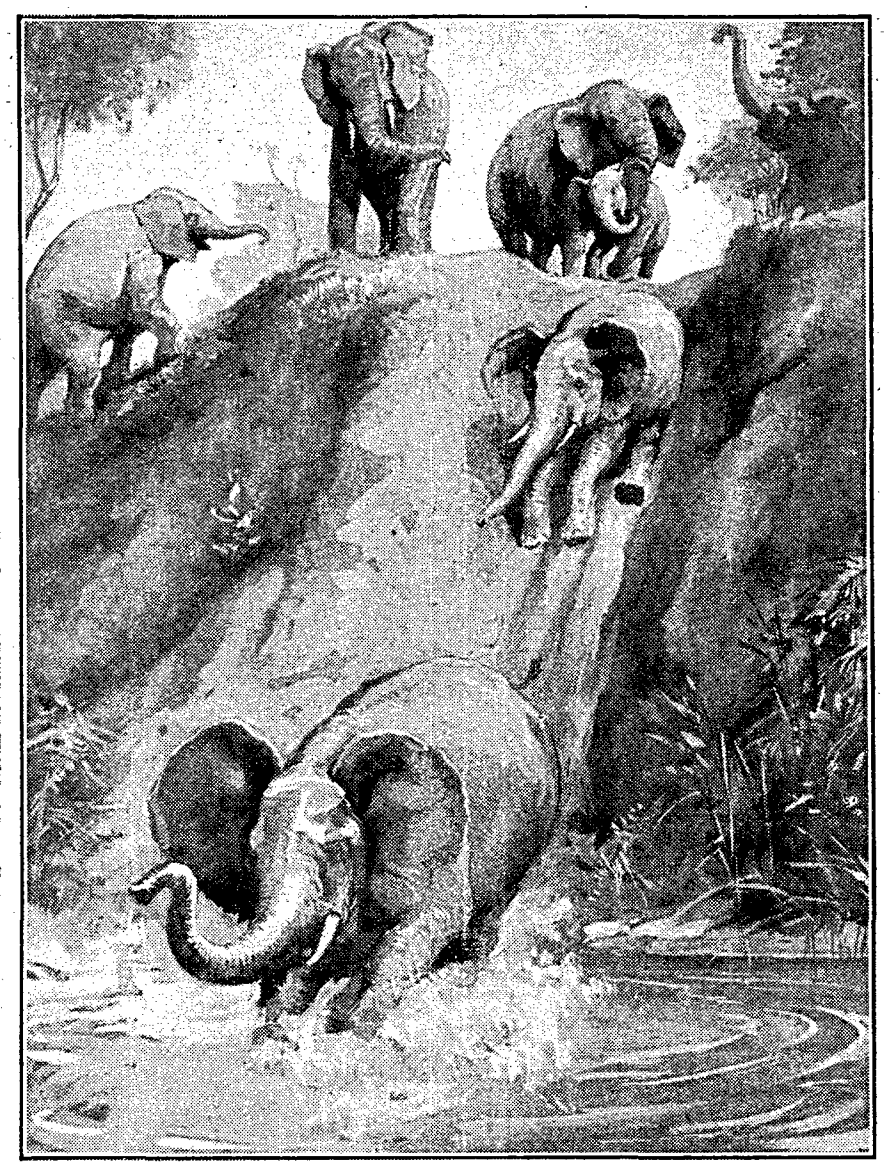
London's Roman Bath

The Roman bath in the Strand has been bought by the rector of St. Clement Danes, Dr. Johnson's old church, and will shortly be opened for the inspection of the public.

First Japanese Motor-cars

The first practical automobile of Japanese manufacture is being produced at the rate of fifty a month. It is a two-cylinder, three-wheeled machine, with an air-cooled engine, and can travel 30 miles an hour.

THE ELEPHANT'S JOY RIDE



African elephants are very fond of shooting the chute, and have often been seen sliding down a slanting place into the water, as shown here by our artist. **See page 4**

MAKING ICE IN WINTER

Over a hundred thousand pounds a day is spent on ice in the United States.

No longer, however, is most of the ice cut from the lakes and rivers at the height of winter and stored in the big cities until summer; the day of the ice-house is fast passing, and it is being found cheaper and more efficient to freeze ice chemically in cities. Of great assistance in this was the discovery, made a few years ago, that by blowing compressed air into water while it was freezing the ice could be made as clear and solid as Nature's.

WORLD SAVED FROM A DISASTER

WHAT THE EARTHQUAKE MISSED

The Nitrate Fields of Chile and What They Mean

FERTILISER FROM A BARREN REGION

By Our Natural Historian

It would seem as if Providence had extended its protecting hand over the impoverished fields of this hungry world. We have been spared a disaster almost as grave as war.

The prosperity of half the world's agriculture hangs by a thread on the skirts of chance. An earthquake or great rainstorm might stagger humanity.

The reason is that the one great natural supply of nitrate of soda, to which we owe much of the fertility of our fields, is Chile, where the great earthquake has lately happened. It might have swallowed up the most mysterious gift that Nature offers us, but happily it did not. First reports were wrong. The earthquake came; the nitrate deposits remain, almost unharmed.

Marvel and Mystery

Marvel and mystery invest these great stores of nitrates. Fertilising every land to which they are carried, they lie behind the coast ranges of Chile in the most sterile region of the world. Nothing grows where they rest. The country is as barren as dry rock. Indeed, for the most part it is dry rock, overlaid by sand and pebbles, crumbled down from greater heights, but with this priceless nitrate of soda lying exposed, mingled with the shingle.

No rain falls there. The nature of the land is such that the nitrate area of Chile is as dry as a desert. If one great storm should come the surface deposits would wash away, and men who rely on nitrates would be beggared.

Nobody knows what the deposits arise from or how they came where we find them. There are several theories: Some part may have been washed from older deposits, from the hills; they may have been formed at the bottom of a sea or lake out of which this coast has been thrust up; the nitrates may once have been the guano of myriads of sea birds on the coastal islands, and have been blown to where they now rest.

A Romance of Chemistry

But there they are, a source of enormous wealth to the owners and a fund of fertility upon which all civilisation draws to make fields green and pleasant with fruitful prosperity.

The whole subject of agricultural chemistry is full of wonder. It may be said to have begun with us in an English girl's ear. That girl was wearing earrings of mineral, polished like marble. Old Dean Buckland, the Sherlock Holmes of naturalists, saw that they had a tale to tell unguessed by their dainty wearer.

Under the microscope they proved to contain scales and bones and other unpleasant substances. They were the undigested meals of reptiles which had perished and become fossils, perhaps millions of years ago.

Giants of Other Days

The old Dean carried his inquiries into Dorsetshire, where prehistoric reptiles lay in masses in the rocks. There were the terrible giant lizards of other days, complete, with their last meals solid in their digestive organs. He declared that they could be ground to make manure.

They were ground. We fertilised our fields and gardens with the ichthyosaurus and the plesiosaurus; and former reptile meals of octopus, of mailed fish, and of other reptiles made the fields yield meals for the Dean's own generation.

That was the cradle of organic agricultural chemistry, begun by a German scientist, extended by the English parson, and reaching at last out to Chile.

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NEW BRICKS FOR OLD

WALLS THAT RISE LIKE MAGIC

The Way to Better and Cheaper Building All Round

WHY BRICKS ARE WHAT THEY ARE

By Our Economic Correspondent

Bricks have come down to us from ancient times. We read in the Bible how Jews were set by their taskmasters to make bricks without straw.

Those bricks were not burned in kilns like ours, but dried in the sun, and the ruins of buildings thousands of years old show how well they have lasted.

Our own British bricks vary greatly in quality, but many of them are excellent, for we have splendid supplies of clay for the purpose.

A good clay well milled, mellowed and burned, produces a brick which will endure indefinitely and has great strength. The common brick in use is nine inches long, four-and-a-half inches wide, and a little less than three high.

A Foolish Tax

This is the standard size, and it was fixed as the regulation size by Act of Parliament in 1625. In the time of George III a brick tax was levied which was only repealed early in the reign of Queen Victoria.

It is high time we broke the curious tradition, and made our bricks larger and better. So at least argues Mr. George E. Clare, a well-known architect, who has invented a cellular brick to make building cheaper and more rapid.

This new brick, which is called the Interloc, has been recommended by the Ministry of Health, and has many advantages. It is a real brick, not a concrete block, and therefore avoids the condensation of moisture which arises on concrete walls.

Keeping Out Heat and Cold

The new bricks are made nine or six inches thick for exterior walls, and three or four-and-a-half inches thick for interior partition walls. They are made to dovetail into each other, and as they are accurate in shape this makes bricklaying very simple and rapid work. As each block is equal to several ordinary bricks the amount of labour is much less than usual.

Another important point is that as the joints are fewer in number the amount of mortar required is much less. And, of course, the reduction of joints makes the wall stronger.

As the bricks are hollow the wall consists of a series of enclosed cells of air. These cells insulate the building. In the summer they keep out the heat, and in the winter they keep out the cold. They are thus a protection to the house against changes of temperature.

Reducing the Cost

Nor does this end the list of great advantages claimed for the new method. Although the hollow, dovetailed bricks are stronger than ordinary solid bricks, they are lighter for the same bulk, and therefore a wall built of them can rest on slighter foundations than is the case with ordinary bricks. Also they can be very easily and cheaply plastered, thus again saving money and material.

Many buildings have already been erected by the new method, but its progress is not as great as it ought to be because many workmen are apt to believe that to save labour by using a better brick is against their interests. They forget it is the dearness of building that prevents more building being done.

If we could only reduce the cost of building by one half, there would be ten times as much building done. The new hollow brick is a boon to the bricklayer if he would only look at it the right way. It means more work for bricklayers, not less, and it means pleasanter work and better work.

NOT A REMBRANDT

Discovery in a Picture Gallery

FAMOUS PICTURE OF A DREAM

An interesting and important discovery respecting a famous picture has been made at the delightful collection of paintings in the little Dulwich Gallery by a local frequenter, Mr. Francis H. Clarke.

One of the famous pictures has Jacob's Dream as its subject, and till now the identity of the painter has been an unsolved problem. For at least a century Rembrandt was named as the artist. Then Dr. Richter declared the picture was not painted by that master, but did not venture to give an opinion as to whose work it was. So it has been ascribed to the Rembrandt School.

After a close and long examination Mr. Clarke claims to have removed all doubt by discovering on the painting the initials of the artist, A. B., otherwise Adriaen Brouwer. This artist was born about 1605 and died in 1638; and Rembrandt, when a young man, made a collection of his drawings.

Jacob Weary and Worn

That the artist was Flemish could readily be inferred from the fact that he painted Jacob not as an Oriental but as one of his own countrymen. Here are some notes on the picture, made by Mr. Clarke for the C.N.

"One can well believe that Jacob, weary and worn, had a wondrous dream. He is depicted as a quaint old man fond of an abundance of clothes. He is quite proof against chill as he lies on his back on a mound, his head on a pillow, probably not of stones, and his position very natural for a dream.

"He is only too clearly Flemish—a bloated-faced rustic with commonplace features, drawn with a touch of humour. The earthly and ethereal space stretching before Jacob's well-closed eyes leaves a good opportunity of imagining the glorious world in regions beyond. One's sight is led over land and river, then up to rest awhile before angels shimmering in long white raiments, with wings rough with the dew of heaven. On past these, clearly defined, some are winging to and fro, and a break in the filmy golden cumulus suggests an opening to the ethereal world whence come these angels."

FAMOUS LODGE FOR SALE

Where Wilberforce Decided to Fight for the Slaves

A famous historic estate is about to be offered for sale, Keston Lodge at Bromley, which stands in Holwood Park, where Pitt and Wilberforce talked over the subject of the slaves and Wilberforce, at his friend's suggestion, decided to take Parliamentary action.

Holwood Park was at that time Pitt's country place, and Wilberforce often visited him there. One day, as Wilberforce himself tells us, Pitt urged him to lose no time in bringing in a Bill for the abolition of slavery, and there at the foot of a tree he made up his mind to begin what was to be his life work.

A stone seat now marks the spot, and an inscription on it tells the story. It is announced that two large blocks of building land are to be offered for sale with the lodge, but no doubt the historic spot where the great anti-slavery movement was born will be preserved from the hands of the builder.

CATCHING A ZEBRA

Interesting Experiment

A NEW FRIEND OF MAN IN KENYA

In Kenya Province, British East Africa, an attempt is being made to tame and harness zebras. If it should succeed the advantage may be great, as horses are kept there with difficulty. What is being done is described by a Kenyaland reader of 14.

A few weeks ago I visited a farm about 80 miles north of the snow-capped Mount Kenya, and saw an experiment in training the Grévy zebra.

It is much more strongly built than the ordinary zebra, which is not fitted for domestic purposes.

To capture the animals a large square enclosure, or boma, is built of stout timbers. On one side is a fairly wide gateway. From each side of the gateway a wing about a mile long slants out into the plain, the wings widening till at the end they are far apart.

When a large herd of zebras is seen a drive is organised. Natives drive the zebras between the wings that narrow into the enclosure. At last there is no way of escape, and the animals pass through into the boma.

Then big logs are slipped across the gateway, and the zebras are closed in. There is a stampede in the boma when the animals feel they are caught.

The drive is often dangerous, as other animals are driven in. One is the oryx, which has long, straight horns, and is very strong and dangerous. As lions also abound here, they are often among the animals when the drive begins.

When the zebras have been a short time in the enclosure they quieten down, then a halter is put on them, and they are taken to the training farm. There they are kept till they become accustomed to human beings. Then they are harnessed to a training wagon.

Not only can the Grévy zebra be trained, but it will breed in captivity.

WARMING THE ORCHARDS

Saving the Oranges from Jack Frost

California is the most wonderful country in the world for fruit, but even there occasional frosts occur at night and lead to much disaster among the orange groves.

Fruit-growers and engineers have long been trying to find some practicable system of frost prevention, and it is believed that this has now been achieved.

A central heating furnace is installed in the orchard, fed by oil under pressure from a tank. A motor of about thirty horse-power draws air into a heating chamber, and when it has become hot pumps it out through distributing pipes of concrete to various points all over the orchard.

When the air leaves the pipes its temperature is approximately 400 degrees Fahrenheit, and it displaces the cold air to a height of ten feet in about fifteen minutes.

The main delivery pipes are underground, and in summer the distributing caps and other parts above ground are removed till winter. Experts say the scheme is quite sound. *See World Map*

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Shakespeare, First Folio edition	£5900
Shakespeare, Third Folio edition	£900
First edition of Gray's Elegy	£650
Pair of Chelsea porcelain vases	£420
Shakespeare, Second Folio	£340
A collection of Whistler letters	£320
Louis XVI. ormolu clock	£305
Shakespeare, Fourth Folio	£140
A pair of Louis XVI. armchairs	£140
A Waterford glass chandelier	£125

AN OLD PLACE GOES

BUSINESS CENTRE THAT OUTLIVED ITS DAY

Old Home of the Knights Templars Becomes a Market

HOUSES TO REPLACE A FAMOUS LANDMARK

By Our Paris Correspondent

Old buildings share the fate of all beautiful things. One of the old Paris curiosities, the Temple market—something like Covent Garden—is slowly disappearing, and we shall soon see in its place a large block of apartment houses.

There was a time when this curious part of old Paris was crowded and lively. Everything, new and old, was sold there. Young débutantes of the stage would find at the "Reach-me-that"—the name of one stall—a ribbon, a bit of lace, or evening shoes for their make-up. You could dress at the Temple at incredibly low prices. A workman ruined by illness or out of work would buy again for a few francs all the tools he had previously sold for bread.

A Parisian chronicler once published the bill paid by one of his customers who had just "equipped" himself at the big market. The bill ran as follows:

Everything Supplied

Overcoat, 1 franc 55 centimes; trousers, 80 centimes; waistcoat, 25 centimes; hat, 20 centimes; shoes, 60 centimes; socks, 15 centimes.

If our ruined workman were known at the Temple he could do without a laundress. His saleswoman would change his dirty shirt for a new one for a few sous. If our man made money and married he would buy furniture at the old place as well. The bride would there find her veil, her wreath and flowers; and when babies came they had their christening gowns bought in the same way. When people died their friends could find all they wanted at the Temple, including wreaths.

Women would get their clothes at a special department — even evening dresses and jewels. If their luck went down these same women would sell everything back to the stores.

Things that Beggars Disdained

What nobody had any more use for, all that beggars themselves disdained, was carefully packed by the brokers, sold off to Eastern second-hand dealers, and the cast-offs of the Paris slums went Eastward to Greek and Syrian booths.

The old Temple, once the house of the Templars' brotherhood, was rebuilt in 1863 as a real market. There was then a first change in the mercantile habits of the place—they sold newer things and dearer. The girl sellers, however, kept their engaging ways. It is said that any indifferent passer-by would be gently pulled by his sleeve or the tails of his coat, and that the most gracious invitations obliged him to feel this stuff and to admire the cut of this other suit.

But, little by little, business at the Temple failed, and the death-stroke came when the easy-payment system was substituted.

LATVIA'S M.P.s

Group System in Parliament

The breaking up of parliaments into comparatively small groups, instead of only two or three parties, is now seen in most countries, and signs of it have appeared in the new British Parliament.

An illustration may be seen in one of the newest of parliaments—that of Latvia. It has 100 members, and this is how they are divided: Latvians, 47 (Peasant, Democratic, and Christian Parties); Maximalist Socialists, 31; Minimalist Socialists, 7; Germans, 6; Jews, 5; Russians, 2; Poles, 2.

THE FIRST FOUR PARTS OF THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA ARE NOW ON SALE

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THE WEEK IN HISTORY

A GREAT PORTRAIT PAINTER

Flemish Artist who Settled in England

SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK

Dec. 3. Robert Louis Stevenson died at Samoa 1894
4. Cardinal Richelieu died in France 1642
5. Mozart died at Vienna 1791
6. Warren Hastings born at Churchill 1732
7. Ferdinand de Lesseps died near Paris . . . 1894
8. Thomas de Quincey died at Edinburgh . . . 1859
9. Van Dyck died in London 1641

Sir Anthony Van Dyck, the great Flemish portrait painter, died in London on December 9, 1641, and was buried in old St. Paul's. His title was English, and he passed so much of his time in England during the later years of his life that he has been almost adopted as a national painter.


Van Dyck

He was born in Antwerp, his father being a manufacturer with ample means. He began to paint when quite young, under the influence of Rubens, but before he was of age had won a reputation on his own account. In his twenty-first year he paid his first visit to England, and painted a portrait of James I.

Then followed a period of study and of active work in Italy, where he was clearly influenced by the work of Titian. At Genoa he painted a large number of portraits of the leading dignitaries, amid surroundings and embellishments of dress that gave his work of this period a special richness.

Men of the Past

Returning to Flanders, he divided his time between religious pictures and portraits. While all his work was graceful and distinguished, his best is seen in his portraits, and it has a strong historical interest because it preserves for posterity the characteristic expression of a large number of the most prominent men of his age in each country he visited. Some of the portraits painted in his own country were etched by himself with a master hand.

When he was 33 he returned to England for the third time, and was almost immediately knighted and pensioned by Charles I, whose family he repeatedly painted, though he had difficulty in securing payment for his work. However, everyone in a high social position now wanted his family portraits from the master's hand, so that his earnings were substantial, but not more than he could spend on the life of pleasure in which he delighted.

A Scottish Bride

His marriage to a Scottish lady seemed likely to bind him more firmly to this country, but within a couple of years his health had failed, and he died at the age of 42. His paintings, which passed largely into the possession of families that have historical traditions to sustain, exist in considerable numbers, particularly in England.

Van Dyck was not an artist with strongly original conceptions. He was content to follow on the general lines of great artists who had impressed him, but always with a grace that was distinctly his own, and his portraits had a freshness and ease that represented their subject in a favourable moment or with an expressive air. In these respects he had a pleasing influence over the great English portrait painters of succeeding generations.

FLOWERS IN DECEMBER

Animals and Birds Asleep or Indoors

NEST-HUNTING IN THE WINTER

By Our Country Correspondent

In December, we find about the fields and in the garden bits left from the wreck of summer and clear enough beginnings of spring. Some elms still have their leafage.

The ivy flower has only just fully set into berry; and those who keep any little magnifying-glass—which every countryman should have—should cut through the ivy berry and look at its formation, which is quite unlike any other berry that grows.

There are quantities of flowers of several sorts, so that you can call them either autumn flowers or spring flowers. It is seldom that some primroses, always on very short stalks, are not to be found. A good root in a sheltered, but not dark, nook of a garden should bear flowers from December to a late Easter.

The heads of flower on the laurustinus recall discs of guelder, or elder, or dogwood, on the hedges of July. Every garden should have some Christmas roses for reminder that summer is never quite absent. But the most spring-like of all growths is the honeysuckle. You may find shoots of an inch or two in length, and the blue colour mixed with the green protects the shoots from the frost. Perhaps the grass is almost as spring-like as the honeysuckle. There is no time when the good grass fields look more green and inviting than in an open December.

Songs in a White World

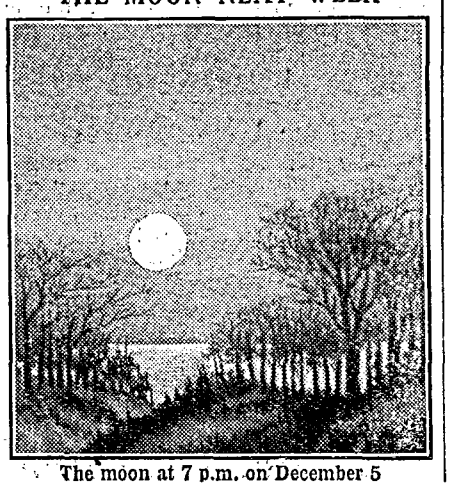
It is not always so. We have white Decembers as well as green, or in this month we may look out one day upon a world of fresh, lovely green, and the next upon a world wrapped in a sheet of white. The thermometer now and again falls below zero.

Multitudes of creatures are hidden away: the frogs are down under the mud, the birds are under beams in the barns or in the rotten woods of pollard trees, hedgehogs are under snags of wood, dormice wrapped up in snug balls of fluff under roots, and queen wasps in sand and moss and behind the bark. The world is asleep or indoors.

We may hear some cheerful songs in December. Now and again the thrushes sing a regular spring song when the weather is open; and wrens and robins, the most constant of all singers, are fuller of song than in August or September.

It is not a bad day's amusement for a naturalist to go bird's-nesting in December. He will find a number of things that he failed to notice when the nests had eggs in them and were hidden and protected by leaves on every side.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK


The moon at 7 p.m. on December 5

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

How Long Do Carp Live?
Carp do little to wear out their energies, and in healthy conditions live to a hundred years and more.

Does the Mushroom Have a Seed?
No; it is propagated by spores, the fine dust seen among the dry gills.

Do Corncrakes Migrate?
Nearly all corncrakes migrate at the end of October, but a few remain for the winter, especially in Ireland.

Do Fish Suffer When out of Water?
They do, for water is to them what air is to us. Those that can live for a time in the air have modified gills to retain moisture.

What Makes a Canary Go Bald?
The destruction of a canary's feathers may be due to the presence of feather-eating mites or to disease arising from improper feeding and an unclean cage.

Where Do Magpies Build Their Nests?
Among the smaller branches at the top of tall trees, or sometimes in a thick hawthorn hedge. The nest is made of sticks and turf plastered with mud and lined with mud and fine grass.

What is the Difference Between a Leopard and a Panther?
Panther is only another name for leopard. The larger of these animals in Africa and India are popularly termed panthers, but naturalists always call them leopards.

How Do Hips and Haws Denote a Severe Winter?
They do not; the idea is a pretty fallacy. What large numbers of hips and haws do indicate is that there has been an abundant crop of roses and hawthorn in the preceding months.

What is the Largest Spider Ever Seen?
Bird-eating spiders, with a body-length of two inches and the outspread legs covering a surface of about 14 inches, are the largest. One has been seen to catch two birds at once in its web.

Why Are a Grasshopper's Ears Below its Knees?
The sense-organs of insects are different in kind and situation from our own, and we can only suppose that Nature has found the legs of the grasshopper the best place for its ears.

On What Does a Salmon Feed When in the River?
The adults are said by some to fast from the time they leave the sea till they return, and it is supposed that they take the angler's fly or minnow out of sport or curiosity. The salmon undoubtedly feeds chiefly in the sea; though possibly in fresh water it may eat minnows, trout-fly, worms, and fry of its own species to a small extent.

Will Any Snake Attack Man Without Provocation?
Except in the case of the very big snakes like the boa and python, which crush their prey, probably not. In cases where they are supposed to have done so the snake was most likely met unexpectedly, or itself came upon its human foe without warning and attacked in self-defence.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does Pairing mean? In Parliament, an arrangement by which two voters of opposite sides absent themselves from a division by mutual agreement for a given time.

What is a Division? In both Houses of Parliament the act of voting is so called. On a bell being rung, strangers withdraw and the doors are closed. Members then divide, passing into the "Aye" or "No" division lobbies, where their numbers are counted by tellers.

What are the Serjeants-at-Arms? One is the Lord Chancellor's mace-bearer and attendant in the House of Lords. Another acts in the same way for the Speaker of the House of Commons, and, under authority, can enforce order, and expel or arrest unruly members.

DIAMONDS IN THE SKY

THE WONDERS OF A BIG STAR CLUSTER

Measuring the Distances of Giant Suns

WHERE THE EARTH IS INVISIBLE

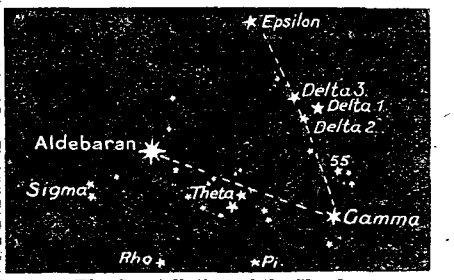
A very striking and interesting cluster of stars may be seen to the south-east of the Pleiades, described last week.

These are the Hyades. At 8 p.m. they are almost midway between overhead and the south-eastern horizon, the chief stars forming a V on its side.

Our map will enable our readers to find them easily; but it will be best to study them in detail toward the end of next week, when the Moon is out of the way and the sky quite dark.

They appear a much larger cluster than the Pleiades because they are nearer. Moreover, like the Pleiades, the majority of the Hyades host are invisible to the naked eye, which sees only ten or a dozen on a clear, dark night.

These are shown in our star map, but field or good opera glasses will reveal between fifty and sixty, clustered like



The Constellation of the Hyades

sparkling diamonds, some of them being very picturesque pairs. Theta is seen to be double even to the naked eye.

The brightest and most noteworthy, Aldebaran, is not actually part of the cluster, being much nearer to us than to the great cluster of glittering suns beyond. It is now over thirty years since the distance of Aldebaran was measured by trigonometry, and it was calculated that his light took nearly thirty years to reach us. Subsequent measurements indicated a greater distance, and now recent spectroscopic calculations show that he is about thirty-four light years distant.

A Multitude of Suns

The light from the Hyades cluster takes on an average 142 years to get here, so we see that it is over four times as far away as Aldebaran.

The nearest known of the multitude of suns that form the Hyades are Epsilon and Theta. The light from these has been calculated to take from 108 to 116 years to reach us; while the light from Gamma and the little star above it, numbered 55 on our map, takes 142 years, and that from Delta takes 163 years, this being the farthest known at present.

Now, close as the suns of this cluster appear to one another, we see that the distance between them is comparable to that between our Sun and Capella, Vega, and Aldebaran; while Alpha Centauri, Sirius, Procyon, and Altair are much closer, being about 4, 8, 10, and 16 light years distant.

Millions and Millions of Earths

Thus our Sun would appear to the inhabitants of any planet revolving round one of the suns of the Hyades as one of a close group of small stars, of which Aldebaran would be one.

Indeed, as seen from Delta in the Hyades, Aldebaran would appear quite a small star, with our Sun, near it, seeming so tiny that a powerful telescope would be needed to see it. Our Earth, therefore, would be quite invisible to any eyes as far off as the Hyades.

Consideration of this fact helps us to realise what millions and millions of "Earths" there unquestionably are in those starry depths—Earths for ever beyond our vision, and only known by indirect means.

G. F. M.

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THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

A School Story With a Mystery

Told by T. C. Bridges, the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 38

Explanations

RAY stared. His brain was dulled with exhaustion, and for the moment it was quite beyond him to understand what Jimmy was talking about.

Jimmy himself stopped short. All the life went out of his face.

"I—I couldn't expect it," he said dully. "Not after the way I've treated you the last fortnight."

He was turning away when Ray suddenly woke up, and, slipping forward, seized him by the arm.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "What did Ferguson tell you? I don't understand."

For a moment the two stood opposite one another, gazing in each other's eyes. Then Jimmy spoke.

"Don't you know? Didn't he tell you?"

"He told me nothing. He could not. He was scared stiff. Not that I blame him, for so was I. But what did he say to you, Jimmy?"

"He—he told me about the crib," said Jimmy, and stopped.

Ray's face lit up.

"The crib! What had Ferguson to do with it? I thought it was Arden or Hogan."

"It was. But Ferguson did it. They made him. He hid the crib in your Ovid. At least, he thought it was your Ovid. He never noticed it was mine. You know you had mine in your locker over Sunday."

Ray gasped.

"Then he picked the lock?"

"No, he didn't. He sneaked the key out of the pocket of the trousers you wore on Saturday while you were out at footer."

Ray drew another long breath.

"So that was it. I might have known if I'd had any sense."

"You! It was I who ought to have known," said Jimmy, with bitter self-reproach. "If I hadn't been the biggest ass alive I should never have believed that you could do a thing like that. What a beast you must have thought me!"

"I didn't, Jimmy—I didn't!" cried Ray. "I lost my own wool about it. I was as angry as you were. If I hadn't been, I should have explained to you."

"That's all nonsense. You'd got a perfect right to be riled. It was all my fault," vowed Jimmy.

"Don't talk rot!" snapped Ray; then stopped short and suddenly burst out laughing. "If we're not careful we shall have another row," he said.

He put out his hand, and Jimmy gripped it with a force which spoke more than words. And just then Mrs. Godsell, their kind hostess, came out of the little back kitchen with a tray on which was a loaf of new bread, a big pat of butter, and a pot of jam.

"The tea's brewed, young gentlemen," she said. "And I'm sure you're right down hungry."

Ray turned to her with a smile.

"I am, Mrs. Godsell," he assured her. "I'm going to make a dreadful hole in that lovely crusty loaf."

"I'm sure you're very welcome," she answered, and began to pour out tea.

In spite of the fact that every muscle in his body was sore, Ray felt so happy that he quite forgot his aches.

He laughed and joked as he tucked into bread and jam, so that Jimmy soon got over all his feeling of awkwardness, and within the next half hour the two had got back on to their old footing and had almost forgotten the whole wretched business of their quarrel.

Presently Mrs. Godsell got up.

"I'll just see if the other young man can take a little tea," she said, and went into the bedroom.

She came back with rather a grave face.

"I'm feared he's got a chill on him," she said. "He's awake, but he's got no appetite. He seems to me pretty queer. I don't like the looks of him."

Ray whistled softly.

"Jimmy, we'll have to get him back to the school. He ought to have a doctor."

Jimmy nodded.

"I'm quite rested. See here, Ray, you stay where you are, and I'll run back. It's not two miles by the road."

"I'll come too," declared Ray.

"No, I'm blest if you will. You stay here by the fire. I mean it, Ray. Honestly, I can go a lot faster alone."

Ray could not help feeling that Jimmy was right, for he knew that he himself was not fit to run a hundred yards, let alone two miles.

"All right, Jimmy," he agreed. "You go ahead. It's stopped raining. That's one good job, anyhow."

Jimmy merely nodded. Next minute he was running, with a long steady stride, toward the main road leading up to Charminster.

CHAPTER 39

The Head Talks to Ray

IT seemed to Ray that he had hardly settled down comfortably into the big old chair in front of the fire before there came from the direction of the road the sharp honk! honk! of a motor horn.

He went to the door and looked out, and there came Jimmy racing back.

"Great luck!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I ran into the Head, coming down the road in his old bus. Seems that someone besides myself saw your boat go under Charminster Bridge, and took word to the school. The doctor's coming himself, so mind your ps and qs."

Ray looked, and, sure enough, there was the big, square-shouldered figure of Dr. Glennie striding down the path leading to the cottage, and with him a younger man whom Ray recognised as the school doctor.

He turned back to Jimmy.

"You haven't told him how Ferguson got into the boat?" he said swiftly.

"Why, bless you, I don't even know," replied Jimmy. "And you had better not either."

"I don't know a thing," replied Ray, and next moment Dr. Glennie was in the room.

Ray was dreadfully afraid that the Head would start asking questions, but the master merely gave him one searching glance, then asked Mrs. Godsell where Ferguson was.

She took him and Dr. Richardson into the bedroom, and the boys waited.

"Ferguson has a bad chill," they heard Dr. Richardson say. "The sooner he is in the school hospital the better."

"Is it safe to move him?" asked the Head.

"Yes, if we wrap him in blankets. After all, it is only a couple of miles, and we can have him in bed at the school within a quarter of an hour."

There was a short pause while Ferguson was wrapped in blankets; and Ray was glad to see that the Head called Mrs. Godsell aside, and, after thanking her, slipped some money into her hand. Then out came Dr. Richardson, carrying Ferguson.

"You boys can drive back with us," said the Head. And, after Ray and Jimmy had shaken hands with Mrs. Godsell and promised to see her again, they hurried after the Head and the doctor.

The "bus," which was a big limousine, soon landed them back at the school.

"Go and change and have a hot bath, both of you," said the Head. "Then come to my study, Cartwright."

Ray was not happy.

"If he asks me what Ferguson was doing with the boat what am I to say, Jimmy?" he asked, as they scrambled quickly into warm, dry clothes.

"Just say he took the boat to cross the river," advised Jimmy. "The old Head's a decent sort. He won't put the screw on."

There was a twinkle in Jimmy's eyes as he spoke, but this escaped Ray's notice. A few minutes later he was in the Head's study, a big room with a good fire and lots of nice, comfortable, old-fashioned furniture.

"How are you, Cartwright?" asked the Doctor; and his voice was so kind that Ray felt better at once. "I hope you haven't caught cold over this business?"

"Not a bit, sir, thank you. I'm quite all right."

"I am very glad to hear it. Sit down by the fire."

Ray sat down. He wondered what was coming.

"So it seems that Ferguson owes his life to you?" said the Head.

Ray started. The Head smiled.

"Oh, I have heard all about it from Clayton! And I am very pleased with you, Cartwright. Ever since that dormitory match in which you distinguished yourself I have known that there was good stuff in you. But what you did this afternoon shows that you possess real courage and resource, and I feel that you are going to be a credit to the old school."

Ray went as red as fire. The Head gave him time to recover.

"And now," he said, "I wish you would tell me how you came to be in this boat with Ferguson."

Ray told him quite simply. The only thing he omitted was what Ferguson had told him about how he had taken to the boat in order to escape from someone, that someone being, as Ray had shrewdly guessed, Beaky Sharp.

But it was quite clear that the Head had already seen his assistant master and had heard about this, and Ray was thankful when he found that there was no need for him to say more.

The Doctor kept him chatting for about ten minutes, and then let him go; and Ray went off, in the best of spirits to find Jimmy. But on the way a new idea came to him, and his beaming face turned suddenly grave.

CHAPTER 40

What Hogan Said

THE tea-bell rang before Ray could find Jimmy, and he had to hurry off to Hall.

When he reached his seat he found everyone was staring at him, and he had hardly sat down before they all began peppering him with questions.

Every boy at the table seemed to have heard about his rescue of Ferguson, but, though they bluntly approved of Ray's part in the business, more than one suggested that it wouldn't have been much loss to the school if Ferguson had been left in the river.

The only boys who for once had nothing to say were Arden, Hogan, and Bulmer; and Ray, glancing at them, realised that, though they pretended to be very high and mighty, they were really more than a bit scared.

As soon as tea was over Ray got Jimmy off into a quiet corner.

"Look here, Jimmy," he said, "I've been thinking."

"Don't do it. It's a bad habit," chaffed Jimmy, who was quickly getting back into his old form.

"Don't chaff, Jimmy. I mean it. Look here! Ferguson told you about this business, but the question is, Will he tell anyone else?"

"What's it matter whether he does or not?" returned Jimmy.

"It matters a whole lot. It was you who got into this poisonous row about the cribbing. And Slogger has still got a down on you about it. It's about time it was cleared up."

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear chap, what does it matter? So long as you and I know all about it, who cares?"

"I care," declared Ray. "I want to see you cleared. Besides, if the truth were known, Hogan would catch it, and he jolly well ought to."

A graver look crossed Jimmy's face.

"That's true enough. If Slogger knew about it Foxy would get it in the neck. Probably they wouldn't let him go in for the scholarship." He paused. "But what's the use of worrying? We can't sneak."

"Of course we can't! But I was just wondering if I could see Ferguson and put the thing to him. He might perhaps have the decency to own up."

"Not he! He only told me because he was scared stiff. I believe he thought he was going to die. Now that he's snug and warm in bed you can be jolly certain he's sorry he has said anything at all."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Ray. "I believe Ferguson is only weak, and if he could be kept clear of Arden's crowd he might be all right. Anyhow, I shall go over to the sick-room directly after breakfast and ask to see him. That can't do any harm."

"Do anything you like," replied Jimmy. "Only don't worry on my account. Now that it's all right between you and me I don't care two pins about Ferguson or the whole boiling of 'em."

Ray did not say anything more, but he went off, more determined than ever to clear Jimmy.

Next morning he woke as fresh as a lark, and with a feeling of happiness to which he had been a stranger for many days past. The minute morning school was over he went off to the sick-room.

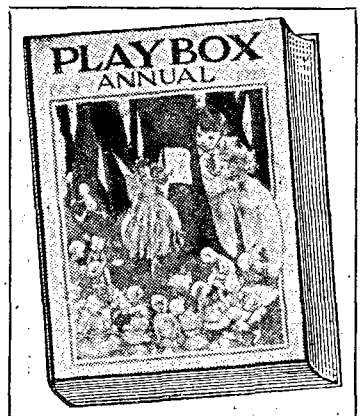
Boys at Charminster who wanted to see friends in the sick-room had to apply in the matron's room, and that was where Ray made for. The matron was not there, but someone else was waiting. It was Hogan, and at sight of Ray his thin lips curled in a snarl.

"So you're after Ferguson," he sneered. "You won't get much out of him. I've given him a bit of friendly advice."

When Ray joined Jimmy again, half an hour later, he had a strange, hard look on his face.

"You were right," he said. "The little beast isn't going to say a word. Hogan's been at him and scared him stiff."

TO BE CONTINUED



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Five-Minute Story

A Clever Stratagem

"THE shop shuts at six o'clock; I've got a key that will fit the lock; we can get the cash-box in five minutes, and get up to town by the last train."

"What time does it go?"

"Seven o'clock. That gives us an hour to get the cash."

George Barker had no idea that a robbery was being planned as he sat eating his dinner in the little restaurant; but the next sentence made him prick up his ears.

"Is there anybody in the shop besides old Mullins?"

"A kid, a boy about fifteen; but he goes off at six sharp. Old Mullins lives over the shop; but he's as deaf as a post. It'll be an easy job."

"Does he keep much money in the shop?"

"Rather; he doesn't believe in banks"—there was a laugh; "perhaps he will after to-night."

"Well, whether we get the money or not we must go back to London tonight; I'm sure the police have their eye on us."

George Barker rose quietly from the little compartment in which he was sitting and made his way toward the door.

It was ten minutes to two. He crossed the road and waited. Perhaps the two men would come out before he was due back at the shop.

Five, ten, minutes passed, and the men did not appear. He must hurry back; old Mullins insisted on punctuality.

He was five minutes late, and Mr. Mullins frowned severely.

He was a kind-hearted man, but inclined to be irritable and impatient at times, and George knew that if he repeated the conversation he had overheard between the two men in the eating-house, the old man would simply say, "Rubbish! Rubbish! Utter nonsense!"

So he said nothing, but put on his apron quickly and began to weigh up the tea and sugar into little packets.

Presently old Mullins left the shop and went upstairs for his usual afternoon's rest.

Left to himself, George cudgelled his brains to discover a way in which he might outwit the thieves.

Suddenly he remembered that both men had said that they must catch the seven o'clock train. He looked up at the clock.

The small hand was exactly on five. Old Mullins would be down presently.

George mounted a step-ladder, and, opening the face of the clock, carefully pushed the hands back an hour.

Then George went quietly on with his work. By and by the old man came down again and went on with his.

The lights were still blazing in old Mullins's shop when two disappointed ruffians made their way to the station to catch the last train back to London.

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A Merry Host Makes Merry Guests



Dr MERRYMAN

An old lady from the country had just arrived at a hotel in London.

"I absolutely refuse to have this room," she protested to the page-boy who was conducting her. "I suppose you think that because I'm not used to hotels I will sleep in a tiny little room with a folding bed. Now, just you go and——"

"Kindly step in, madam," interrupted the boy. "This is the lift."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

What Am I?

My head and tail both equal are;
My body's slender as a bee;
Whether I stand on head or heel
'Tis just the same to you or me;
But if my head should be cut off,
The consequence, though true, is strange:
My head and body, severed both,
Immediately to nothing change.

Answer next week

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Is Your Name Reeve?

Originally reeve was spelt gerefa, and meant a kind of land agent. Later it came to mean almost any kind of official, and we find it in such combinations as port-reeve and shire-reeve. As time went on the description came to be used as a surname, William the reeve becoming William Reeve.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

When did the butterfly?
When it saw the sunbeam.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Overdoing It

There was an old lady of Chertsey
Who made a remarkable curt sey;
She twirled round and round
Till she sank underground,
Which distressed all the people of Chertsey. Edward Lear

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Buried Countries

Name the countries buried in the following sentence:

Jeff ran certainly very quickly across the ice, landed on the other side, went to the den, marked where the old lion lay, and prepared to return, when the lion rose and chased Jeff inland. *Solution next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡



Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke

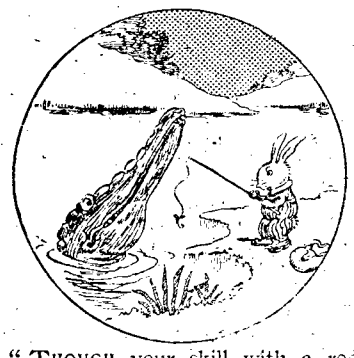
"Farmer Thompson's geese are fat; let's catch one," Marmy said;
"They can't run very quick, you know, just after they are fed."
To the farm those youngsters went; the geese were walking round.
To catch one wasn't easy, as Gus and Marmy found.
Soon a hundred geese and more collected round those boys:
Their heads they held up very high; they made an awful noise.
"Dear me! Dear me!" the farmer said; "there's someone in the yard."
"Let's run away," said Marmaduke; "let's run as hard as hard!"
But all around them stood the geese; they couldn't get away.
"The punishment," the farmer said, "will be to let them stay!"

Ten men's strength and ten men's length, and ten men cannot set it on end, yet one can carry it. What is it?

A rope twenty yards long.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

An Alarming Hint



"Though your skill with a rod may be great,"
Said the croc, "you'll allow me to state
That a *fly* will not do,
But, between me and you,
I might fancy a *rabbit* as bait!"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Arithmetical Problem

Two boys went for a walk from the village in which they lived to a neighbouring town, walking at a steady rate of three miles an hour. When they got to the town they met a friend, and with him they drove back to the village at nine miles an hour, arriving home six hours from the time they started. They did not stay in the town at all, but started back immediately. How far was the village from the town? *Solution next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Cupboard Love

My donkey Ned is most unkind—
I gave him bread, and carrots too:
The very biggest I could find—
I think he *might* be nice, don't you?
He's very rude to me instead.
I tried to have a ride today;
But no! He kicked and shook his head
And brayed—you should have heard him bray!
He *won't* be caught, and when I shout
Pretends he does not notice me;
But when I bring his carrots out
It doesn't take him long to see!

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

What is that which, while it belongs entirely to you, is used more by others than by yourself? Your name.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Familiarity Breeds Contempt

The farmer was very anxious to sell his dog, and he finished his recital of its virtues by saying:

"I can assure you, sir, that that dog is the finest ratter in the village."

At that moment two large rats ran across the floor, but the dog merely turned his head the other way and yawned.

"Do you call that dog a ratter?" laughed the prospective buyer.

"Ah, he knows them," said the disgusted farmer. "But you should see what would happen if a strange rat dared to come in here!"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Who Am I? Cromwell

Word Coining Respect, sceptre, spectre

An Apple Problem

The apples were sold at the rate of 2s. for each dozen and 1s. for odd ones. Thus each boy took 10s.

Who Was He?

The Poet Statesman was Goethe

Jacko on the Links

"Caddy, sir?" cried a voice at Major Mustard's elbow as he stepped on to the tee at the Monkeyville Golf Links.

He turned and saw a neatly-dressed, bright little fellow, who was none other than Master Jacko.

That young gentleman wanted ninepence for a white rat; it had occurred to him that acting as caddy would be a good way of earning it.

"Here you are then, my boy," said the Major, handing over a bag full of clubs.

"Yes, sir," said Jacko meekly.

The Major's opponent, Colonel Custard, came out, and they were ready to start.

"Make the tee, boy," said the Major, waggling a long club.

"Are we going to have a picnic, sir?" asked Jacko delightedly. "Where can I borrow a kettle?"

The two gentlemen stared. "Are you being impudent or just stupid?" demanded Major Mustard in a tone of thunder.

"Perhaps he's never caddied before," said the Colonel. "Well, a tee is a little heap of sand for the ball to perch on."

The Major made his own tee, and they set off. It was a lovely spring morning. Dew glittered on the turf, while one black speck of a lark sang in the blue sky. Jacko quite enjoyed



Major Mustard handed over the bag

marching after the poor little ball which the Major hacked along to one flag after another.

Presently they found it lying among the daisies.

"I wonder if I could play that with a spoon?" muttered the Major.

Jacko thought he was being funny, and grinned.

"I should think a knife and fork would be better," he said.

"Owl!" roared the Major. "A spoon is the name of a club. Such stupid remarks are sure to spoil my shot."

Sure enough, when he hit the ball it did not fly straight, but shot off to the right, over the gorse and the hedge into the road.

"Out of bounds!" cried Colonel Custard. "You'll have to put down a new ball and forfeit a stroke."

"I know that," said the Major sulkily. "But I'm not going to lose the ball. Just nip over the hedge and find it, caddy."

Jacko trotted to the fence with the clubs jangling on his back. He climbed over and began to hunt by the roadside for the ball.

All at once he heard a great whirring and popping, and up came Big Brother Adolphus on a brand new motor-bicycle.

Jacko ran into the middle of the road and held up his arms.

"Oh, what a beauty!" he cried. "I never knew!"

"I didn't want anyone to know till I could ride it properly," replied Adolphus. "She can go! Like a ride?"

"I should think I would!" shouted Jacko.

He leapt into the side car, and off they went. Half an hour later Jacko suddenly noticed a strap over his shoulder and a bag of clubs beside him in the car.

In the moonlight a trembling little figure approached the club-house of the Monkeyville Golf Links, propped a bag of clubs against the door, and promptly disappeared.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town, and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1922	1921	1922	1921
London ..	6913	8669	3451	3523
Glasgow ..	2010	2357	1011	1174
Liverpool	1491	1772	750	762
Birmingham	1374	1831	657	752
Belfast ..	811	771	402	290
Leeds ..	676	829	428	395
Edinburgh	671	601	384	288
Portsmouth	416	430	174	181
Swansea	241	277	126	120
Wolverhampton	181	191	60	83
Bath ..	60	125	65	62
Gt. Yarmouth	60	109	39	58

The four weeks are up to Oct. 28, 1922

Ici on Parle Français



La quille Le coiffeur La grue

Ce bateau a la quille en l'air
Le coiffeur taille les cheveux
Le grue soulève des poids énormes



Un encrier Le buffle La claie

Il y a de l'encre dans l'encrier
Oseriez-vous chasser le buffle?
La clôture est formée de claies

Tales Before Bedtime

The Music Lesson

Pat hated his music lessons. He wanted to play lovely tunes, of course; but Miss Tracy, the lady who came to give him lessons, made him practise scales and finger exercises.

Miss Tracy tried hard to be patient with Pat, even when he wriggled on the music-stool and banged out wrong notes very loudly to make her jump.

"Silly thing!" he thought. "I'll see how she jumps when she gets a real fright."

Pat had a tame white rat named Bill, and Miss Tracy was dreadfully afraid of it. She hated Bill's sly way of running up skirts, and his pink eyes and his long, thin tail.

Pat knew this, but he was a tease and thought Bill would be useful to play a trick on poor Miss Tracy and give her a fright which would, perhaps, send her away altogether.

Then there would be no more tiresome scales to practise when he wanted to play in the garden.

It was winter, and Miss Tracy always carried a big granny fur muff to keep her hands warm. Bill loved warm beds, and, when Pat slipped him out of his pocket into Miss Tracy's muff while she was finding the place in the music book, he curled himself up and went off to sleep.

Pat was quite good all through the music lesson; he played his scales without a mistake and never banged.

In fact, Miss Tracy was very pleased with him, and when she had put on her coat and



Bill ran up her shoulder

gloves she said kindly, "I felt sure you would try, Pat. It is nice to teach a good boy."

Then she took up her muff and felt Bill's little, furry body, and jumped so terribly that Bill woke up and ran up her shoulder.

Miss Tracy was so upset that she went straight to Daddie and told him she would no longer teach such a rude boy.

"No more scales," thought Pat. But Daddie said:

"Very well, sir. If you can't be polite to a lady, we'll get you a music master."

And now a big man with a mop of hair comes to teach Pat. He doesn't mind Bill or rude little boys; and when Pat plays wrong notes he raps him hard over the knuckles!

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The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 2, 1922 — Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere abroad for 11s. a year; inland, 13s. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted abroad for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d.; British Isles, 14s. 6d. See below.

ANIMALS AT HOSPITAL · SHARKS IN THE ATLANTIC · MEASURING THE FOG



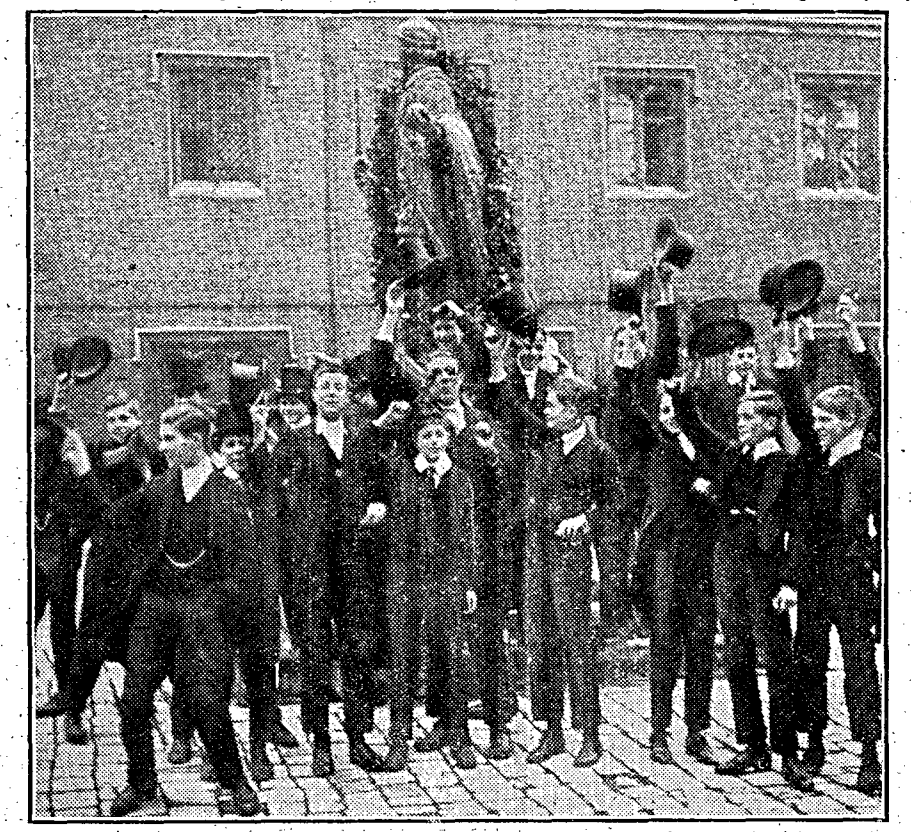
The Doctor Examines the Monkey—This monkey is undergoing a medical examination, and is a little suspicious of the doctor, who is sounding his lungs with a stethoscope



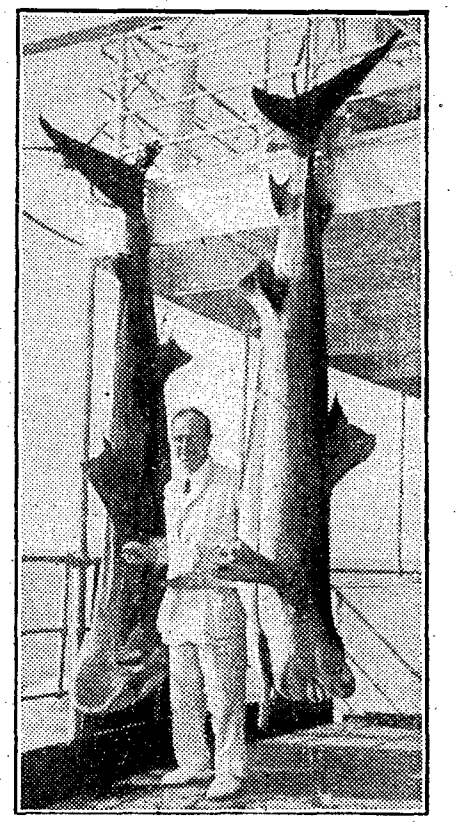
Baby Elephant Goes to Hospital—The pigmy elephant at the London Zoo, which bruised its leg, was sent to University College Hospital, where it was X-rayed and received massage



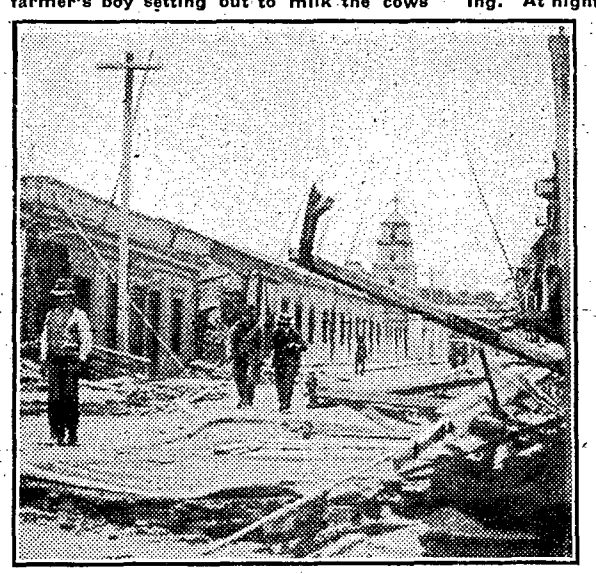
Setting Out to Milk the Cows—This photograph was not taken in Switzerland, but among the Yorkshire Dales, and shows a farmer's boy setting out to milk the cows



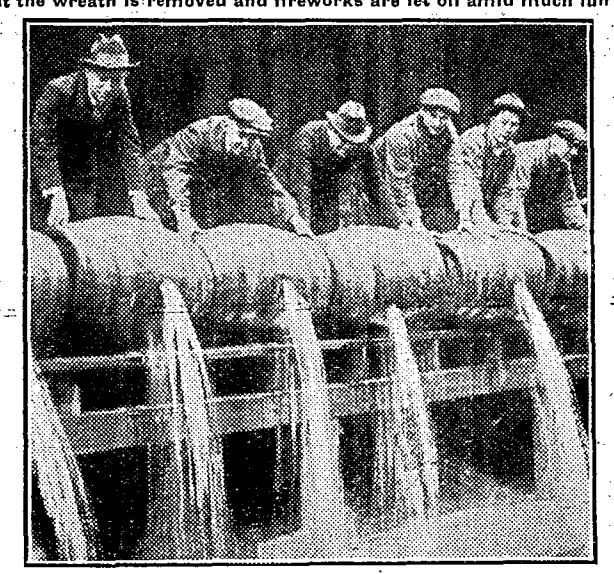
Cheering King Henry the Sixth—Eton College was founded in 1440 by Henry VI, and Founder's Day is celebrated every year on December 6th. This picture shows the boys giving three cheers for Henry after a wreath has been placed on his statue in the early morning. At night the wreath is removed and fireworks are let off amid much fun and cheering



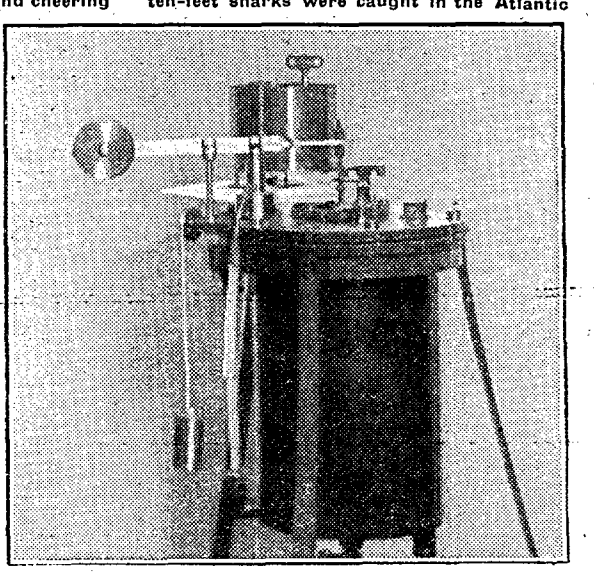
Sharks Caught in the Atlantic—While the steamship Almanzora was on its journey to England from Rio de Janeiro, these two ten-feet sharks were caught in the Atlantic



Scene of the Great Earthquake—This photograph shows a street in Copiapo, where the great Chilean earthquake did much damage. It was taken after the previous earthquake in 1918. This area has suffered much through history from earthquakes



The Best Thing to Do With It—These men are pouring into the Chicago River 350,000 gallons of intoxicants that had been captured over a period of several months from ships that were trying to smuggle drink into the United States



A Machine That Measures the Fog—Fog is due to dirt in the air, and by means of this apparatus the amount of impurity is measured every quarter of an hour, and from it many interesting facts about fogs deduced by meteorological experts

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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